

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



Beginning A New Serial by
LEONARD H. NASON



New!



Patented

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old-Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap and

Brings Agents \$5 to \$12 in an Hour

Here is a truly revolutionary invention! It is something that every woman has been waiting and hoping for. Now, all the danger and wastefulness of old-style can openers is ended. Now, every home in the land can open cans the new, simple, safe, easy way by a handy little machine. Now, no man whose present income is less than \$60 a week can afford to ignore the amazing new opportunity for real money that this novel invention has created. Read the **GENEROUS FREE TEST** offer below. Then act at once.

AGENTS!

FULLTIME
\$265 in a Week



"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 13, 60 Speedos; June 20, 81 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects." M. Orloff, Va.

SPARE TIME--\$9 First Half Day

"The first afternoon I received my Speedo outfit I made \$9."

Mrs. R. Spain, Kans.

PART TIME--\$20 in 3 Hours

"I worked about three hours and took 25 orders. This is certainly a money-maker."

O. C. Gregg, Wyo.

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to \$10 an hour either spare or full time.

Generous Free Trial Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I'll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it's impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I've worked out a plan by

which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money.

READ!

One of my prospects told me she could get along with the old can opener she had been using for years. Two weeks later her husband ordered a can opener from me saying that his wife had cut her hand badly with her old can opener.—W. L. GODSHALK, Pa.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I'll rush you the details. Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll send you all the facts about others making \$75 to \$150 in a week with Speedo. I'll also tell you about another fast-selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.

Established Over 20 Years

Dept. A-1003, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SPEEDO
PATENTED HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES

Central States Mfg. Co.
4500 Mary Ave., Dept. A-1003, St. Louis, Mo.

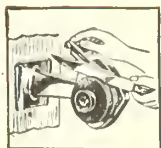
Yes, rush me the facts and details of your **FREE TEST OFFER**.

Name _____

Address _____

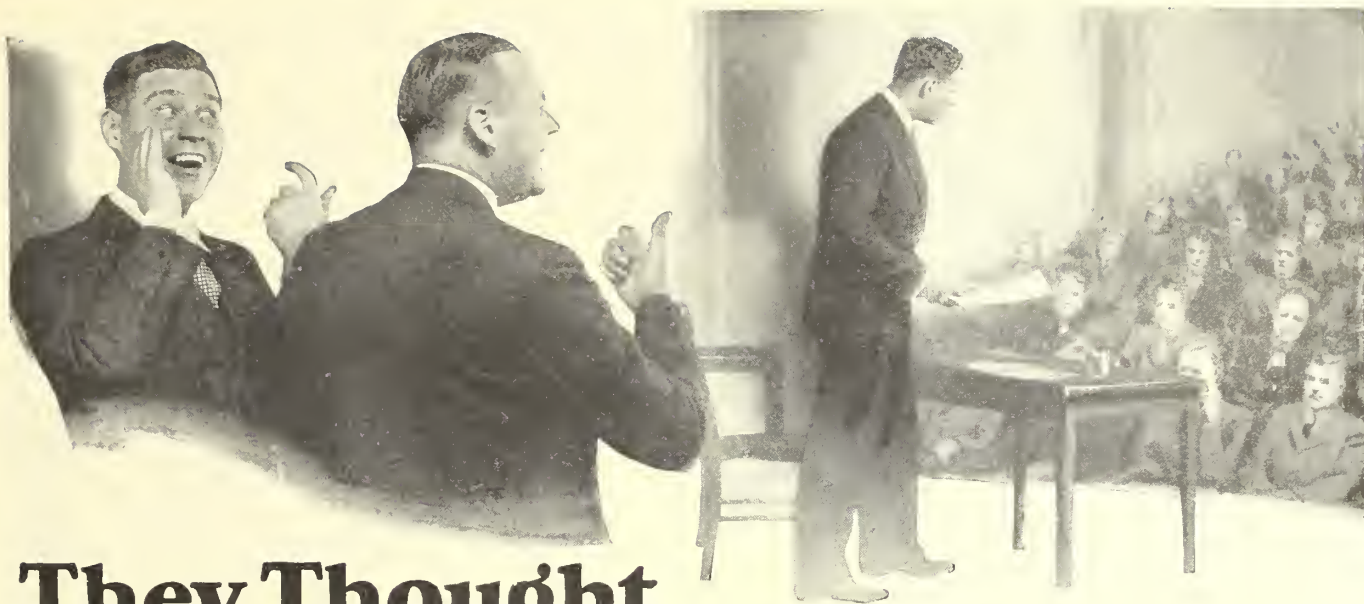
City _____ State _____

[] Check here if interested only in one for your own home.



New Kind of Sharpener

Another amazing, knock-'em dead, household specialty. Every housewife needs it. Puts a razor edge on anything that cuts—knives, tools, etc. The queerest thing you ever saw! A real money maker! The coupon brings full details.



They Thought I Would Be "Scared" Stiff —But I Swept Them Off Their Feet!

MY friends had always called me a shrinking violet—they said I was actually afraid of my own shadow. And so when I volunteered to speak before a giant mass meeting in behalf of my lifelong friend, Tom Willert, who was running for Mayor, they looked at me in amazement. In fact, some of them actually tried to persuade me to give up the idea, hinting that I would do Tom more harm than good.

The night of the meeting four or five of my most intimate friends collected on the platform. They frankly told me that they had come to see the slaughter—to watch me make a fool of myself. As I walked toward the speaker's table I could hear them whispering and laughing among themselves at my coming downfall. One of them had even bet five dollars that I wouldn't last three minutes.

And then came my little surprise. For I proceeded to sweep that great audience off its feet—I actually made them stand up and cheer me. Once when I was stopped by applause I glanced behind me and got a glimpse of my friends sitting open-mouthed with amazement.

After it was all over they crowded round me and demanded to know how on earth I had been able to conquer my terrible timidity—my awful clamorishness—so miraculously.

Smilingly, I told them how I had suddenly discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I gave them a brief description of the way in which I had learned to dominate one man or an audience of thousands—how to say just the right words at the right time, how

to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to express my thoughts simply and clearly, yet in a pleasing, interesting and amusing way. And they were actually dumbfounded when I told them that I had accomplished all this by simply spending twenty minutes a day in my own home on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Now, through an amazing new training, you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker, able to dominate one man or five thousand.

This new method of training was developed by one of America's eminent specialists in Effective Speech. Through this wonderful training he has raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence, simply by showing them how to bring out and develop their own individual, undeveloped abilities.

In 20 Minutes a Day

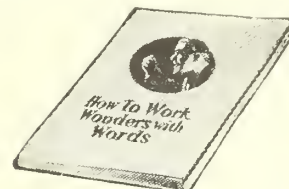
The advantage of this new method is that it is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself to others. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the abil-

ity to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. Not only men who have made millions but thousands of others have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

**Now
Sent
FREE**



North American Institute
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1521, Chicago, Ill.

North American Institute
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1521, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

CALIFORNIA: The 31st State, admitted to the Union Sept. 9, 1850. The Spaniards, Cabrillo and Ferrer, coasted the shores between 1537 and 1542. Sir Francis Drake in 1570 visited the bay that now bears his name. Franciscan friars built the first of a chain of missions in 1760 along a great highway from San Diego to San Francisco, each church and its community a day's journey apart. The territory became a province of Mexico when the Republic won its independence from Spain in the 1820's. The United States conquered it by a military and a naval force in the Mexican war and paid for it when the treaty of peace—the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—was signed Feb. 2, 1848. The discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, Jan. 24, 1848, by John Marshall started an extensive rush to the new fields. Population, 1850, 92,507; 1928 (U. S. est.), 4,556,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1900, 52.4; 1910, 61.8; 1920, 68.0. Area, 158,297 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 22 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 8th in population, 2d in area, 32d in density. Capital, Sacramento (1928 U. S. est.), 75,700. Three largest cities (1929 U. S. est.),



Los Angeles, 1,500,000; San Francisco, 585,300; Oakland, 274,100. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$15,031,734,000. The principal sources of wealth are derived from the farms, ranches, vineyards and orchards on which are grown every produce of the temperate and sub-tropical zone, oranges, and other citrous fruits, cereals, forage crops, vegetables, fruits, nuts and grapes, valued (1923 U. S. Census) at \$3,431,021,861. All crops (1920 U. S. Census) were valued at \$589,757,377; dairy products, \$276,424,216; livestock, \$204,378,445; mineral output (1925), \$406,923,376 (principally in petroleum, cement and gold); petroleum products (1923), \$267,382,871; canned goods, \$140,511,510; motion picture productions, \$54,332,060. California had 161,367 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, "Eureka"—"I have found it." Origin of name: Uncertain, but the two popular versions have it that it derives from the Spanish for hot furnace or oven, Calido forno, or from an imaginary kingdom of Amazons written in a Spanish romance. Nicknames: The Golden State, El Dorado—the latter after the imaginary country abounding in gold.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1929, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents, yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

These 2 Books Now FREE!



Be your own master—go in business for yourself—break out of the rut of small pay—escape the slavery of the time-clock—get some of the good things of life! These two FREE books show you how. Dr. Orison Swett Marden blazes the trail toward your independence—then I help you “follow through” to success! Send for these two FREE books today.

“It is yours to choose success, or failure,” says Dr. Marden.

You can pull yourself out of the Mire of Mediocrity—you can climb the ladder of Leadership—you can make your big dream come true—if you are really in earnest, and will follow the advice given in these two free books.

Whether you are a youthful beginner, who has not yet made his mark in the world, or a dismayed and dissatisfied struggler who has met with rebuffs, discouragements and failures, Dr. Marden's book plants your feet with firmness upon the Path of Progress that leads straight to the Land of Opportunity and Achievement.

Here are a few of the important things you get in this brilliant little book—sure success—helps that spur you on to a better living and a bigger bank account: 1. Are You Just a Cog or a Complete Machine? 2. The Great Man-Developer. 3. Making Every Shot Tell. 4. Don't Be a Leased Man. 5. Your Right to Independence. 6. Planning to Reach the Top. 7. The Compelling Motive to Expand. 8. The Real Spur to Achievement. 9. Pilot Your Own Ship. 10. Don't Let Well Enough Alone.

Two million copies of Dr. Marden's books have been sold. They are printed in twenty different languages. They are endorsed by some of the world's most successful men.

So, get this little book by Dr. Marden. Read it—over and over again. I promise you that it will be the best success tonic you ever took—that it will give you the *spirit* and the *power* to interpret, understand and profit by your desires, your talents and your opportunities.

With the Marden book, you receive—also free—another book which tells how, with less than \$5 capital, I started in my spare time and built up a new kind of a real estate business that netted me more than \$100,000 in less than five years. And it tells how I have helped hundreds of men and women pull themselves out of the rut of hard work and small pay—build up independent businesses of their own—make more money than they ever made before.

Here are just a few examples of what my book has done for others and what it can do for you:

R. J. Sanders, 55 years old, made \$1,057.50 his first four months in a small Tennessee town of only 1,500 population. *E. G. Baum*, 50-year-old bookkeeper, out of a job, got my free book, followed its advice, made \$8,000 his first year in my kind of a real estate business. *Mrs. McGinley*, of Texas,

years. And I have a letter on my desk from *Samuel Soifer*, who hits the highest record of all. He says that his second year in my kind of a real estate business netted him \$70,000.

These earnings may sound big to you, but they are all true. You can't ignore facts. You can't deny truth. And I have hundreds of such letters on file in my offices for inspection at a moment's notice.

There is no room here to tell you any more about the astounding success of men and women, of all ages from 21 to 79, and from all walks of life, who have changed their whole business lives through the reading of my free book.

So, get this book now. It is filled with money-making business facts and stories of business success that will amaze you. You don't have to take my word for this. You don't have to take anyone's word. Just get my free book of facts and proof. Then judge for yourself.

Mail the coupon today. Get these two books which have done so much for others. Remember, they do not cost you anything. But as soon as you read them you will realize that they can do more for your future business success than any other books you ever read.

Don't wait. Don't delay. Don't cheat yourself out of the good these two books contain. Get the facts. Learn the truth. Consider the proof, and do it now—before it is too late. Address *President, AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.*, Dept. AA79, 205 East 42 Street, New York.

What Big Men Say

John Wanamaker said: “I would, if it had been necessary, have been willing to have gone without one meal a day to buy one of the Marden books.”

Charles M. Schwab said: “Dr. Marden's writings have had much to do with my success.”

J. C. Penney said: “I owe a great deal of my success and the success of the J. C. Penney Co. to Dr. Marden.”

Lord Northcliffe said: “I believe your writings will be of immense assistance to all ambitious men.”

Judge Ben B. Lindsey said: “Dr. Marden is one of the wonders of our time. I personally feel under a debt of obligation to him.”

Chauncey M. Depew said: “Your writings are of great value for the encouragement and instruction of men and women.”

had an invalid husband, got my book, and made a fine profit on her first deal, which was a \$35,000 sale. *Robert L. Abell*, former Illinois painter, followed my instructions and averaged monthly earnings of \$335 in his spare time only. *P. W. Budnik*, former Michigan barber, made \$950 his first six weeks—an average of \$158.33 a week. *A. V. Arnold*, a railroad man, started in a strange town and made \$1,500 his first two weeks. *Tony Maurrell*, former New Jersey barber, made \$4,133 in less than three months. And if you want to read about really big earnings, there's *Thomas E. Mone, Jr.*, insurance solicitor, who cleaned up \$40,000 in two years. And think of *Gus Roeder* and his wife who ran a hot-dog stand. I started them in real estate and they say they have made \$150,000 in four

President, American Business Builders, Inc.,
(Established 1917—Capital \$500,000)
Dept. AA79, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free of charge—Dr. Orison Swett Marden's book, “Go In Business for Yourself,” and your book “How to Become a Real Estate Specialist.”

Name _____
(Please Print or Write Plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(The mailing of this coupon has brought business success to many. Let it do the same for you.)

MAN *and* IRON

By Robert E. Wood

Decoration by Lowell L. Balcom

NO AGRICULTURAL nation can withstand an industrial nation in modern war. No country without its own coal and steel can hold back a nation that has a continuous supply of munitions from within its borders.

These are outstanding lessons of the World War. Russia, with its hordes of population, had for a hundred years been the bogey-man of Europe. Yet Germany, with a fraction of Russia's population but backed by an intense industrial development, would have overpowered Russia in one steady thrust had it not been for the diversion of its best forces to the Western Front. Serbia and Roumania had no more chance against the Central Powers than a tribe of African spearmen would have against machine guns and airplanes.

Manpower is no match for massed materials. Industry alone can produce the munitions. Literally, a modern war is the marshaling of one nation's industries against another nation's industries, with manpower effective only to the extent that it is supplied with the tools of war.

As a nation we tend to forget that national defense must be continuous. If it is sporadic, if it fluctuates between weakness and strength, then it is not truly preparedness. Any unfriendly nation will strike at a time of its choosing—which will, of course, be when our defense is at its lowest ebb.

And we are not immune to aggression. Since human nature is what it is, this country offers ample temptation. Our wealth and our industrial development would yield rich rewards for any nation that could fight its way over us to the head of a peace table.

Despite pacifist propaganda, many of this nation's policies are of the sort that make war not improbable. We insist on keeping this nation for ourselves and our children, rather than hand it over to a rising tide of immigrants. We shall

never again voluntarily open our doors to promiscuous and unlimited immigration. Any such step is unthinkable.

To maintain strict restrictions on immigration, we must maintain our national defense at an effective level. Never forget that the most frequent cause of war is the pressure of population to burst national boundaries and overflow into more sparsely settled lands.

It was Germany's annual increase of a million population that made the World War inevitable. Just so did our ancestors drive back the Indians to make Indian land available for white settlement. Ethically, the early Americans were on questionable ground when they stole the Indians' lands and killed the Indian owners for defending their possessions. But history shows this the unvarying rule, that the more congested population strives to overflow less thickly settled lands—and makes war, if necessary, in the process.

We have only 125,000,000 people in our nation's huge territory. Our birthrate is declining. Europe and Asia have far denser populations and higher birthrates. Inevitably, if our wall of defense shows weak-

nesses, there will come attacks upon it. We must, in the interests of peace and of our national integrity, maintain a high level of preparedness. Certainly the condition of national defense prevailing today is far short of ideal.

Both business and labor must shoulder their obligation toward national defense. They must work for a national program adequate to maintain our immigration restrictions.

Working together to provide munitions in time of need, and meanwhile to support a continuous and adequate program of national defense, the business man and the labor leader can contribute measurably to the greatest need of the nation: To keep our country safe for our own people against any aggression that may come.



What Does Your Wife Think Of You, Now?

When you were married, your wife placed you upon a pedestal. You were her ideal. What has happened to you since then?

YOUR wife loved you—and married you—because she knew you were intelligent, honest, ambitious, considerate.

It must have seemed to her that surely, with all these fine qualities, you would some day make good in the world.

She hoped for more than just a mere living. She dreamed of some of the little luxuries of life—perhaps travel—or freedom from household drudgery; perhaps even to the time when you would be financially independent.

She hoped, for the children's sake, that your earnings would be sufficient to put them through college—so that they might face the world with as good an education as anyone.

Is your wife still hoping, dreaming, wishing? She does not blame **YOU**—she knows you are doing your level best. But if things are not improving, all her sympathy for you does not help matters. There are the same dishes to wash, the same inexpensive clothes to wear, the same humdrum life. You “can’t afford” this and that and the other—the things which really make life worth living—the things which some of her old schoolmates have—and which many of your neighbors have.

Your wife may be just a little bit disappointed in you. But deep down in your own heart you are probably a good deal more disappointed than she is. For **YOU** know you have failed thus far to make her dreams come true. **YOU** know that you have fallen short of **YOUR** own estimate of yourself.

“What’s the matter?” That is the question you both ask. And here is the answer.

NOTHING can help you but your own **BRAIN**. Make your **BRAIN** just a little bit more effective and you will **MULTIPLY** your earning power.

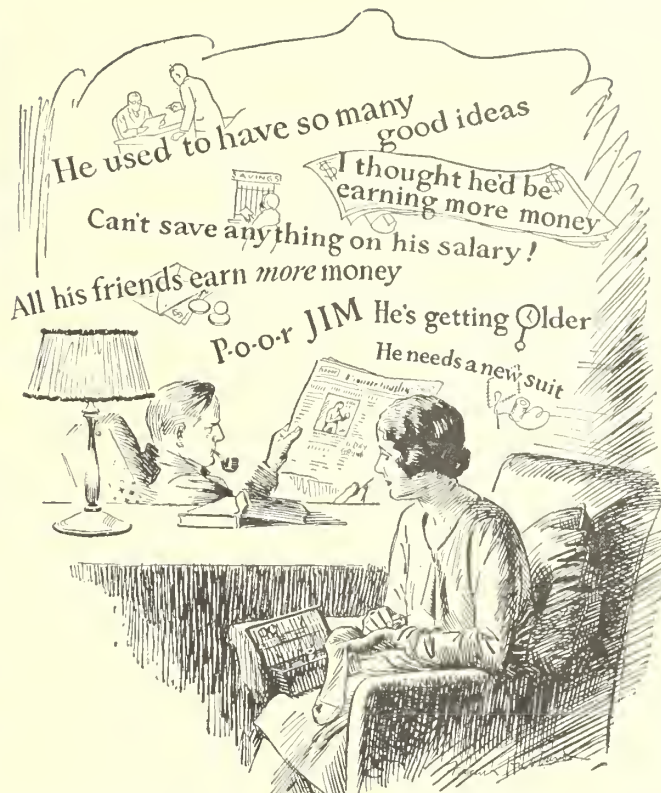
There is **NO LIMIT** to what the human brain can accomplish. Scientists and psychologists tell us we use only about **TEN PER CENT** of our brain power. Ninety per cent is **UNUSED**. It lies **DORMANT**. The longer it is unused, the harder it becomes for us to use it. For the **MIND IS LIKE A MUSCLE**. It grows in power through exercise and use. It weakens and deteriorates with **IDLENESS**.

What can you **DO** about it? Here is a suggestion.

Spend 2c for a postage stamp. Send in the coupon below for a copy of “Scientific Mind Training.” There is no further obligation whatever. You need not spend another penny.

READ this little book. It has opened the eyes of hundreds of thousands of other individuals who had the same problem you have. Over 700,000 people, in all parts of the world, and in all walks of life have followed the advice given in this booklet. Lords and servants, princes and laborers, captains of industry and clerks, bookkeepers and bankers, men **AND WOMEN** of all types and of all ages have read this book and have changed their whole scheme of existence as a result.

This little book will tell you the secret of self-confidence, of a strong will, of a powerful memory, of unflagging concentration. It tells you how to acquire directive powers, how to train your imagination (the greatest force in the world), how to make quick, accurate decisions, how to reason logically. It tells you how to **BANISH** the negative qualities like forgetfulness, brain fag, inertia, indecision, self-consciousness, lack of ideas, mind wandering, lack of system, procrastination, timidity.



Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Sir Harry Lauder, Prince Charles of Sweden, Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist; Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the National War Labor Board, and hundreds of others equally famous, praise the simple method of increasing brain power and thought power described in this free book. **OVER 700,000 OTHERS PRAISE IT.**

TWO CENTS brings you this booklet explaining all about the system of Pelmanism, and what it **HOLDS** for **YOU**. It tells how Pelmanism, this science of applied psychology has **SWEPT** the world with the force of a religious movement, and how it has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

Thousands who read this announcement will **DO NOTHING** about it. The effort and the will needed to send for this book—which is **FREE**—may be lacking. How can these people **EVER** gain what they hope for, crave for? They are the skeptics, the doubters.

Other thousands will say, “I can lose only **TWO CENTS**. I may **GAIN** a great deal by reading ‘Scientific Mind Training.’ I will send for it **NOW**. It promises **TOO MUCH** for me to **RISK MISSING**.”

The thousands who are open minded—who are willing to **LEARN** something to their advantage—will **ACT** on their impulse to **SEND** the coupon. They will be better, stronger-minded for having **TAKEN SOME ACTION** about their lives, even if they do **NOTHING MORE** than to **READ** a booklet about the inner workings of the mind. For your own sake—and for the sake of your loved ones—**DON'T** continue to **WAIT** for something to change your way. **GO AFTER** it. Take the **FIRST STEP NOW** by mailing the coupon.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 101, 71 West 45th Street, New York City

The Pelman Institute of America
Suite 101, 71 West 45th Street,
New York City

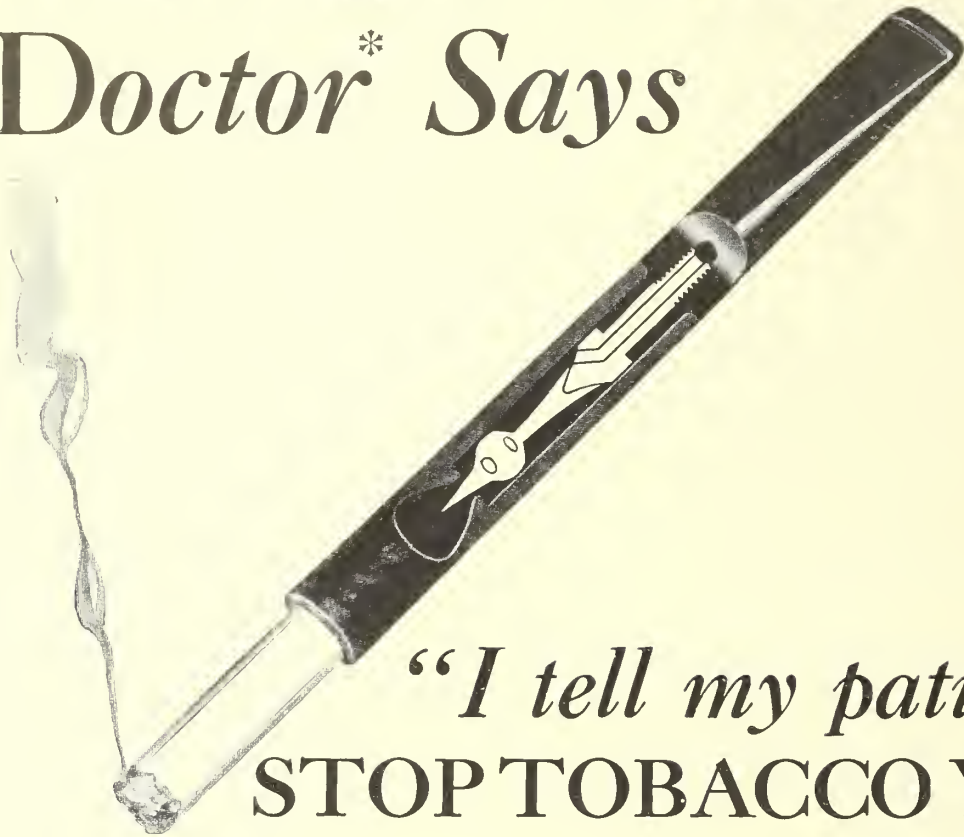
Please send me without obligation your free booklet, “Scientific Mind Training.” This does not place me under any obligation and no salesman is to call on me.

Name

Address

City State

Prominent New York Doctor* Says



*"I tell my patients
STOP TOBACCO YELLO
with this holder!"*

\$1

**NO CHANGE
IN TASTE**

All essential taste factors remain when you smoke through the Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder. You get the satisfying pleasure of your favorite brand. Short or long, thorn or plain briar, for every preference. In brilliant colors for auxiliaries. Send for the booklet, "Healthier Smoking," written by a physician.

THE Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" cigarette holder stops 66.5% of the tar in cigarette smoke. This bitter, staining tar is highly irritating to the tissues of the mouth. When inhaled, it condenses on throat and lungs. It upsets the stomach. The Drinkless "Tobacco Yello" holder stops tar. Physicians are recommending it to patients who are heavy smokers.

Smoke through this holder for one day. Remove the mouthpiece and look at the metal attachment. Then you'll know why doctors recommend it. Over a half a million smokers have already adopted this pleasing, healthy way to smoke.

Series No.	Proved by University Tests		% Removal of Tar by Holder
	Using Holder	Control	
1	33.0 (Short)	100	67.0%
2	32.5 (Long)	100	67.5%
3	33.4 (Long)	100	66.6%
4	35.5 (Short)	100	65.0%

Average 66.5%

*Name on request.

Drinkless

TOBACCO YELLO HOLDER

"Tobacco Yello" is our trade mark. No cigarette holder is a "Tobacco Yello" holder unless it is stamped with our trade marks "Drinkless" and "Tobacco Yello." Insist on the genuine.

WHY I WOULD NOT CHANGE MY NAME



By Elias Tobenkin
Decorations by Douglas Ryan



I AM typical probably of two or three million American citizens of European birth to whom their "foreign name", in the last twelve or fifteen years, has become a

problem and a grief. In despair many have changed their names.

Dismay was my first reaction when I was told it was not inconceivable that my foreign name might prove a serious handicap to my future as an American. The one who told me this was a sincere man, of statesmanlike caliber, the editor-in-chief of one of the best-known magazines in the country. I had come to him with a letter of introduction from a former associate of his in the West.

Late on a November afternoon, at my desk in a newspaper office in Park Row, I was handed a two-line telegram from this editor and at eleven o'clock the next morning I stood before him in his office. He had printed two or three of my stories. He now had an assignment for me.

It was a series of six articles. There was a year's work in it. Half a dozen writers, the editor informed me with evident satisfaction, had been considered for the enterprise and I was unanimously voted as the one best fitted for the job. A thrill ran through me. It was followed by an anti-climax.

Would I assume an American name for the series, the editor suggested. The management of the magazine felt, he explained, that the effect of the articles might be considerably lessened if they appeared under a name that was not native to the country.

I had behind me a newspaper experience of seven years and anonymous writing was not new to me. As a reporter my work had not always been signed and as an editorial writer I of course had to merge myself with the individuality of the paper. Nevertheless, to give an entire year to the study of a subject, to earn a national reputation in the writing of it, and to bestow this reputation on a fictitious name—I was incapable of such a sacrifice. When, after some speechless moments, I recovered the use of my voice, I so told the editor.

Back again at my desk in Park Row, I ruminated the matter. My name, which for twenty-five years or longer had been one with my physical and mental self, had suddenly become something detachable. Like the hat on one's head or the links on one's cuffs, it could be taken off, changed or thrown away. For the first time in my life I was holding my name up to the light, as it were, inspecting and examining it. Whence came it? What did it signify? Why had I been so obstinate in my refusal to part with it and take on a more pleasing Anglo-Saxon name—the word "Nordic" had then not yet come into vogue.

Just before falling asleep that night my thoughts winged off to

the old world, to the village by the River Niemen in Russia where I was born. Tender childhood memories were holding carnival in my head and my heart leaped along with them. One of these memories stood out above all others. It was the day I was admitted to the intermediary school in the capital of our province.

Children of the nobility, of merchants and officials alone were sent there. I also wanted to go there and my parents arranged with a distant relative in the capital to board me. I enrolled and took the examination. On a Thursday the result would be made known. Early in the morning carriages began to drive up in front of the school. At eleven the reading of the names of those who were admitted began. The lucky ones were escorted from the auditorium amid suppressed excitement and congratulations.

My name was read. I stepped up to the platform and was given a card of admission. As I retraced my steps, eyes were leveled upon me, as they had been upon the other successful applicants, curious to see what family circle would close about me. There was no one waiting for me and I walked out of the hall uncongratulated and alone.

But I was not alone. My name was with me. All the way to my lodgings I kept repeating to myself my name and the grade to which I was admitted as they had been read off by the school official. I was the only one from the village by the Niemen who made the school at the capital. It was as if my name had been written in a book with golden covers.

However, for months after my conversation with the editor I was uneasy and in doubt. Had I acted rightly in clinging to my old-world name? And it was a problem millions of foreign-born had to face.

Now as long as the retention or modification of their foreign name was merely a question of convenience in the daily intercourse with their American neighbors, the changing of names by immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe had, on the whole, proceeded at a conservative

pace, much the same as the changing or modifying of names by older generations of immigrants. It was only when the passions let loose by the World War, and post-war prejudices, began making names of other than Anglo-Saxon or Nordic character a taunt and a burden, that these immigrants, and more especially their American born and bred began divesting themselves of such names wholesale.

They chose their new names from their American histories and school texts, their only guide being to see that the first letter of their altered or new name corresponded with (Continued on page 51)



LIVINGSTON

By

LEONARD
H. NASON



*"You and I from
the time we were
born have been
taught that the
word 'honor' came first, and after
that 'duty' "*

Chapter I

IN a small, plainly furnished room, two men bent over desks, writing busily. The room was narrow, there were two iron cots in it, the bed clothing of which was arranged in a peculiar fashion at the foot, the blankets and sheets folded and piled evenly one on top of the other.

The half-open door of the wardrobe showed clothing hanging on hooks, a long overcoat, a pair of light blue trousers with a thin yellow stripe down the seam, a slicker, and a dark blue blouse bearing the yellow chevrons of a corporal of cavalry. Beyond the wardrobe was an arm-rack that held two rifles.

The two men at the desks, however, were not soldiers. They were cadets. They attended one of the few colleges in the United States that are distinctly military, where men pay their tuition, buy their own clothes, their own food, and their own lodging, yet the authorities say at what time and where they shall eat, where and with whom they shall room, at what time they shall go to class, and at what time they shall study.

Students at such a college hear the bugle oftener than the saxophone, they learn so many steps of the drill field that those of the dance floor have little interest for them, and any midnight oil that they burn is more liable to be in an endeavor to make up the time they lost by being on guard the night before than in seeking fields wherein to sow a handful or two of wild oats. They arise at daybreak for reveille and go to bed at taps, and in between, mount guard, attend chapel, lectures, examinations, drills. They groom horses, clean their weapons, prepare their studies for the morrow, and find time after all to indulge in athletics.

Such were the two men at the desks, their heads bowed over their books, their olive drab shirts open, their shoes and leggings in a heap beside the cots—silent except for a muttered exclamation, motionless except for a perplexed scratch of the head, or the reaching out for a textbook.

Suddenly there was a stern knock at the door. Both shoved back their chairs and exchanged glances. That was an official knock, and at that time of night—

"Come in!" said one of the men.

The door opened. A cloaked figure stood there, outlined against the light in the corridor. There was a glint of gold on the cap visor, a flash of light from patent leather boots, a wink of steel from spurred heels. The two men shoved their chairs from them, and stood stiffly to attention. The newcomer was the cadet major booted and cloaked in dress uniform, evidently returning from town. A visit from him at this hour boded no good. The major advanced, clanking.

"Drag out of here!" he barked at one of the men.

The man complied, went out into the corridor, and softly closed the door behind him.

"Sit down!" continued the major sternly.

The remaining man sat down and nervously fingered a slide rule that lay on his desk. There was a blaze of yellow as the major swung off his cape. He tossed his cap and cape on a cot and clanked across the room.

The man at the desk coughed and wondered what was to happen. The major was his brother. The resemblance between the two, even in the subdued light of the shaded bulb, was remarkable. Both had brown hair, both the long head, the lean square jaw of the Nordic, the straight block-like lines of countenance that have come down from those soldiers of Cromwell that first landed on New England shores, fought for their lands with the savage, and still fight therefor with Nature, in all her cruelty of bitter winter and granite-strewn, frost-rotted hillside.

"Been raising hell again!" began the major. "Charge: causing disorder in class room. Specification: in that Corporal Livingston did enter Physics class room by the window instead of by the door."

The man at the desk, the said Corporal Livingston, said nothing. There was something back of this. His brother, in his capacity as cadet squadron commander, held summary court three times a week, and it was not his custom to discuss charges

BROTHERS

Illustrations
by

Harry Townsend

against the younger brother anywhere except in the court room.

"Well, speak up! What's the idea?"

"He locked the door, sir," said the corporal, "and I was due to get stuck for skipping class anyway."

"He locked the door because you birds have been sneaking in whenever you felt like it!" snapped the major. "So you went in through the window! A non-commissioned officer! That's a fine example to set!"

"I don't know yet how he saw me," protested the corporal. "He was at the board muttering about distribution of forces, and Black Mike and the Swede were trying to light a shot-gun cartridge under Ogstein. They got it alight, and in the general shriek and confusion I snuck in. I never thought he saw me. 'Order is Nature's first law!' he mutters and kicks Bull Davis out of class because he looked so innocent he must have been the one that let the cartridge off."

"A fine way to behave," sneered the major. "College men acting like a bunch of kids! Your parents sacrificing everything to keep you in college and you burning cartridges, and throwing chalk and setting H two S.O. four bottles back of the radiator to generate!"

The corporal made a sound very like a smothered laugh.

"Well, I'm going to break this up!" snapped the major. "I've had enough of it! I'm going to break a few corporals, and I'm going to run some of these sophomore instigators for a general court. We'll see if that will calm them a little! We'll see if that will teach them some respect for the faculty!"

"Respect for the faculty my foot!" cried the corporal. "No other prof ever has any kick about disrespect. That egg is a slacker! Why didn't he hang on to that swell job he had in Canada? Well, I'll tell you. Because they'd have had him out of it and off to war. Well, he doesn't want to go. Huh. Not he! He might just as well shove out of here, too, because he'll be horsed until he does."

"Well, he won't be horsed!" replied the major vigorously. "As long as I'm responsible for the discipline in this squadron, no professor is going to be horsed. It's none of my business whether he's a slacker or not; he's a professor and a commissioned officer! We'll have him respected if we have to kick out the whole sophomore class!"

"Then we'll enlist all the sooner," replied the corporal.

The major said nothing, but began to hunt about him for a cigarette. He crossed the room and searched the pockets of his cape. Then finding the package at last, he extracted one and lighted it.

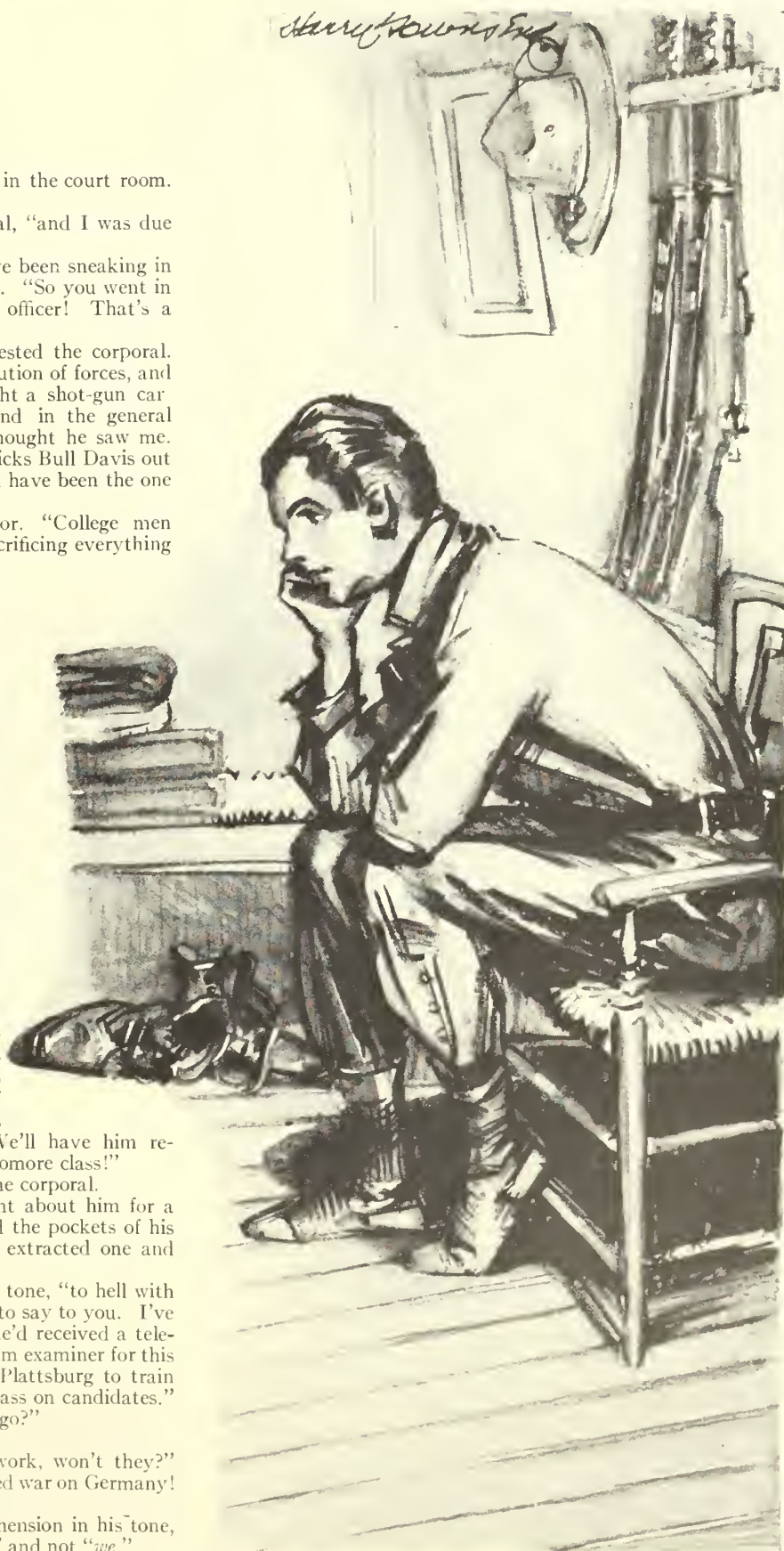
"John," said he finally, in quite a different tone, "to hell with this official stuff. I've got something I want to say to you. I've been down to Tommy's house tonight, and he'd received a telegram from the War Department appointing him examiner for this district. They're going to open a camp at Plattsburg to train officers for the new army, and he's going to pass on candidates."

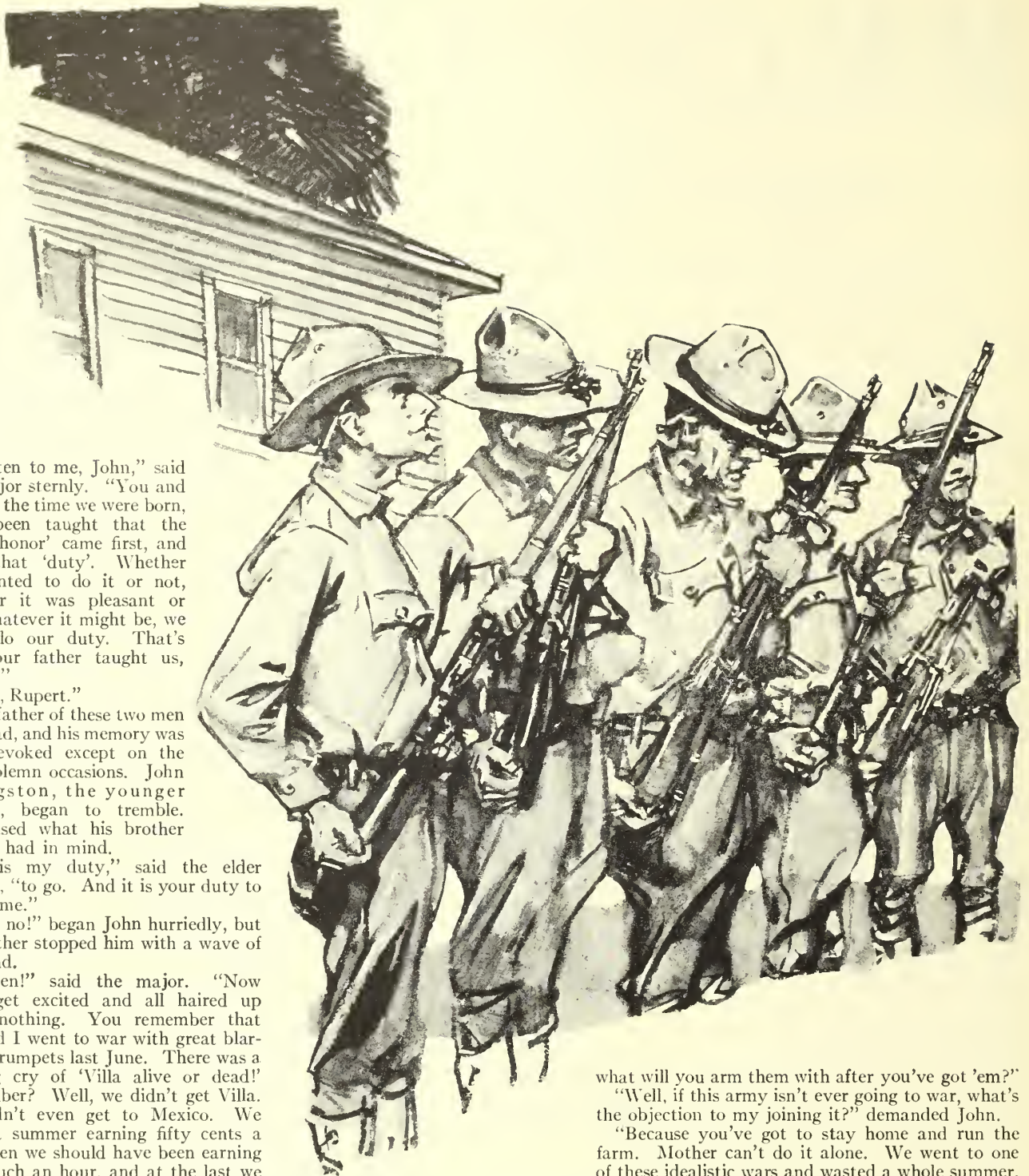
"Good!" said the corporal. "When do we go?"

"I'm going next week."

"They'll have to give us credit for our work, won't they?" asked the corporal. "Gee, I'm glad we declared war on Germany! I'd never pass up mechanics any other way!"

There was a slight under-current of apprehension in his tone, for he had noted that his brother had said "I" and not "we."





"Listen to me, John," said the major sternly. "You and I, from the time we were born, have been taught that the word 'honor' came first, and after that 'duty'. Whether we wanted to do it or not, whether it was pleasant or not, whatever it might be, we must do our duty. That's what our father taught us, isn't it?"

"Yes, Rupert."

The father of these two men was dead, and his memory was never evoked except on the most solemn occasions. John Livingston, the younger brother, began to tremble. He sensed what his brother Rupert had in mind.

"It is my duty," said the elder brother, "to go. And it is your duty to stay home."

"No! no!" began John hurriedly, but his brother stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"Listen!" said the major. "Now don't get excited and all haired up about nothing. You remember that you and I went to war with great blaring of trumpets last June. There was a rallying cry of 'Villa alive or dead!' Remember? Well, we didn't get Villa. We didn't even get to Mexico. We spent a summer earning fifty cents a day when we should have been earning that much an hour, and at the last we got as far as Brattleboro!"

"Yes, but we aren't at war with Mexico now; we're at war with Germany!"

"Well, it's the same thing—or not even so much. We *aren't* at war with Germany. We've just declared that a state of war exists. In other words, we won't speak to Germany any more. They should worry. Well, now our part in the war will be just to lend money to the Allies. They've got enough men to lick Germany without our help. We'd just be in the way. We haven't got the equipment for any army anyway. *You* know that. Don't you remember that if we hadn't had our own uniforms last summer we'd have had to go naked? Well!"

"Yes, sure!" interrupted John. "But yet they're training officers for a new army just the same!"

"How long does it take to make a good soldier, let alone an officer?" asked the major. "You've had some military training; you know that when a million armed men spring to arms, as some Congressman said they'd do, that said million men are going to begin to crab around about food in a short time, and they'll want to know where they're going to sleep the first night. Also,

what will you arm them with after you've got 'em?"

"Well, if this army isn't ever going to war, what's the objection to my joining it?" demanded John.

"Because you've got to stay home and run the farm. Mother can't do it alone. We went to one of these idealistic wars and wasted a whole summer,

and we can't afford to do it again. I'm going to this one because it's my duty. You'll stay home because that's *your* duty."

"It's all very fine, by God!" cried John, "for you to come in here and tell me that it's my duty to stay home while you go off! Huh! How do you get *that* way? Well, there's a word comes before 'duty' and that's 'honor'! You just said so yourself!"

"There's no question of honor involved," replied the major. "Our mother is alone and dependent on us. One goes to war and one stays to look after her. Even the law recognizes that duty."

There was a short pause.

"I am the senior," said the major finally, and for a man of his age, his voice had overmuch steel in it. "I am the senior, and the decision rests with me. I've thought this matter out ever since the declaration of the state of war. My decision was made some time ago, but I thought that tonight would be the best time to tell you about it, so that when the news gets out tomorrow about the training camp you'll know what your line of action is going to be."

The major rose, crossed the room and picked up his cape and

cap. "That's all!" said he in his official voice. Then he went out, and the door closed behind him.

In a minute or two John's roommate appeared. He had heard, from wherever he had concealed himself, the clank of spurs die away down the corridor, and had judged it safe to return.

"Did he climb your frame?" he demanded.

John was sitting sideways in his chair, one leg hanging over the arm, occupied in stuffing tobacco into a pipe.

"He was crabbing around about horsing Zeke Murray," said John without looking up. "I suspicion I'm going to get broke for going in through the window." He finished filling the pipe and reached for a match. "He's not too bad a brother," he went on, "as big brothers go, but he's got not the slightest doggone suspicion of a sense of humor!"

Meanwhile, Rupert Livingston, cadet-major, wrapped his cape about him and went out into the bitter night. It was early May, but May is a cold month in Vermont. There was still snow on the mountains, on which the moon glittered.

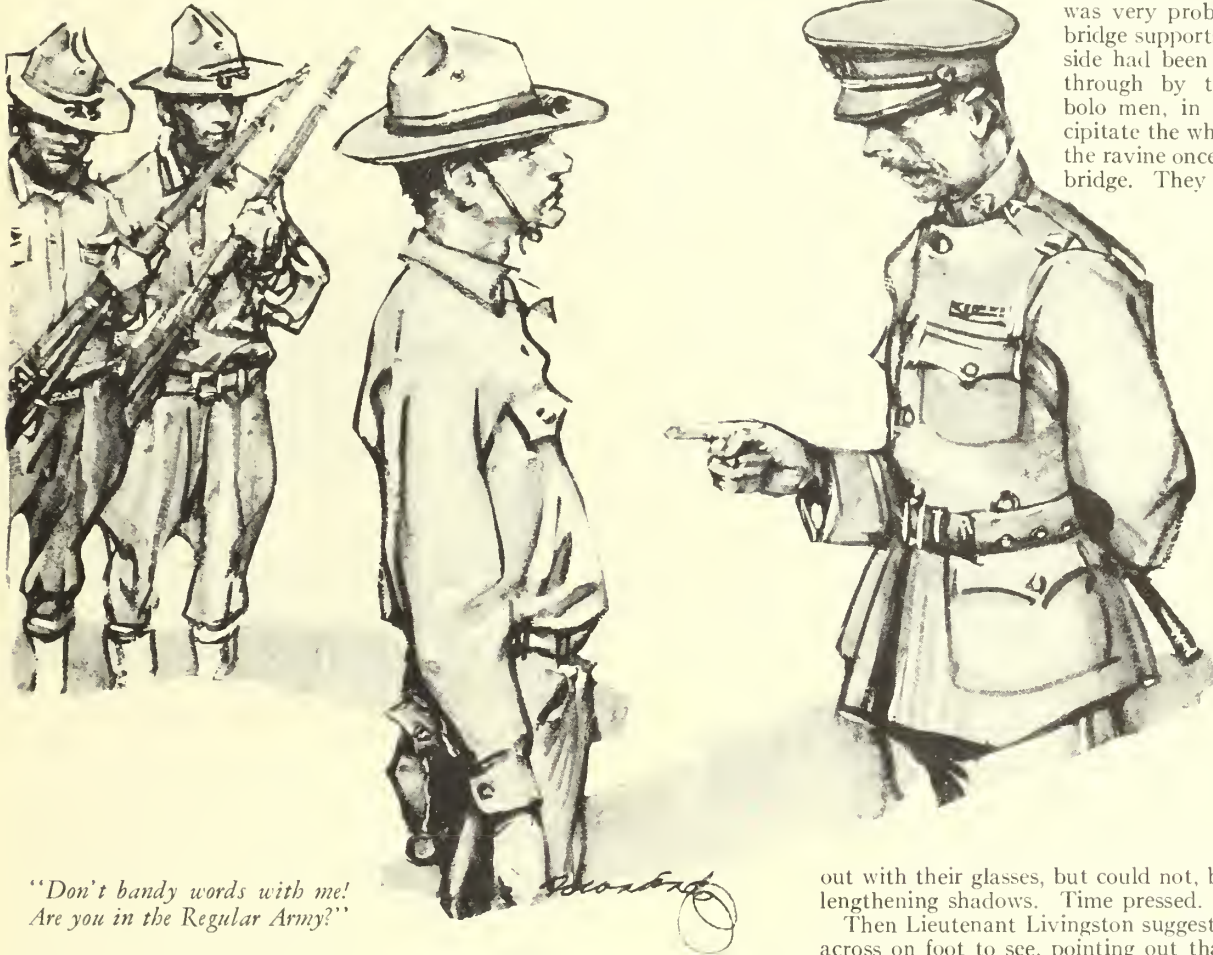
Rupert was glad the interview with his brother was over.

These men, that spent twenty hours a day in the saddle, that ate fresh killed meat when they could get it and their boots when they could not, and who left their bones on the prairie as penalty when they made a mistake in judgment, developed a generation of army officers whose like will never be seen again. The conditions that produced them have gone forever.

Rupert's father had been one. He had been commissioned from "the outside." That is to say, he was not a graduate of West Point. A second lieutenant of cavalry, he had gone through the campaign in Cuba on foot. He went later to the Philippines with Merrit, received a bullet hole through his arm at Manila, and a chop with a bolo during the expedition to Jolo. He became a first lieutenant, and people were already beginning to speak of him as a brilliant officer.

Then, upon a certain day, he was off with his troop on an expedition in pursuit of some obscure sultan. They came at the close of the day to a suspension bridge across a ravine. The troop commander and Lieutenant Livingston conferred. They must, if possible, cross the bridge and get to high ground before dark,

in order to be secure against nocturnal attack. Yet it was very probable that the bridge supports on the other side had been cut half way through by the retreating bolo men, in order to precipitate the whole troop into the ravine once it was on the bridge. They tried to make



*"Don't bandy words with me!
Are you in the Regular Army?"*

He had dreaded it for weeks. He had decided his course of conduct early in the spring, when war was imminent. When war had been declared he had waited to see what would happen first. There had been no ringing call for volunteers, there had been no enthusiasm. The college had received the news with apathy.

They had gone in a body, president, faculty, and cadet corps, to bring back Villa dead or alive, and their experiences through three months of watchful waiting had given them a profound distrust of the Administration's war-like intention.

But here was something definite to be done. Here was a call for men to be trained as officers. Very well. The time had come to inform John that he could not go, and Rupert had done so, with cold lips and a bleeding heart.

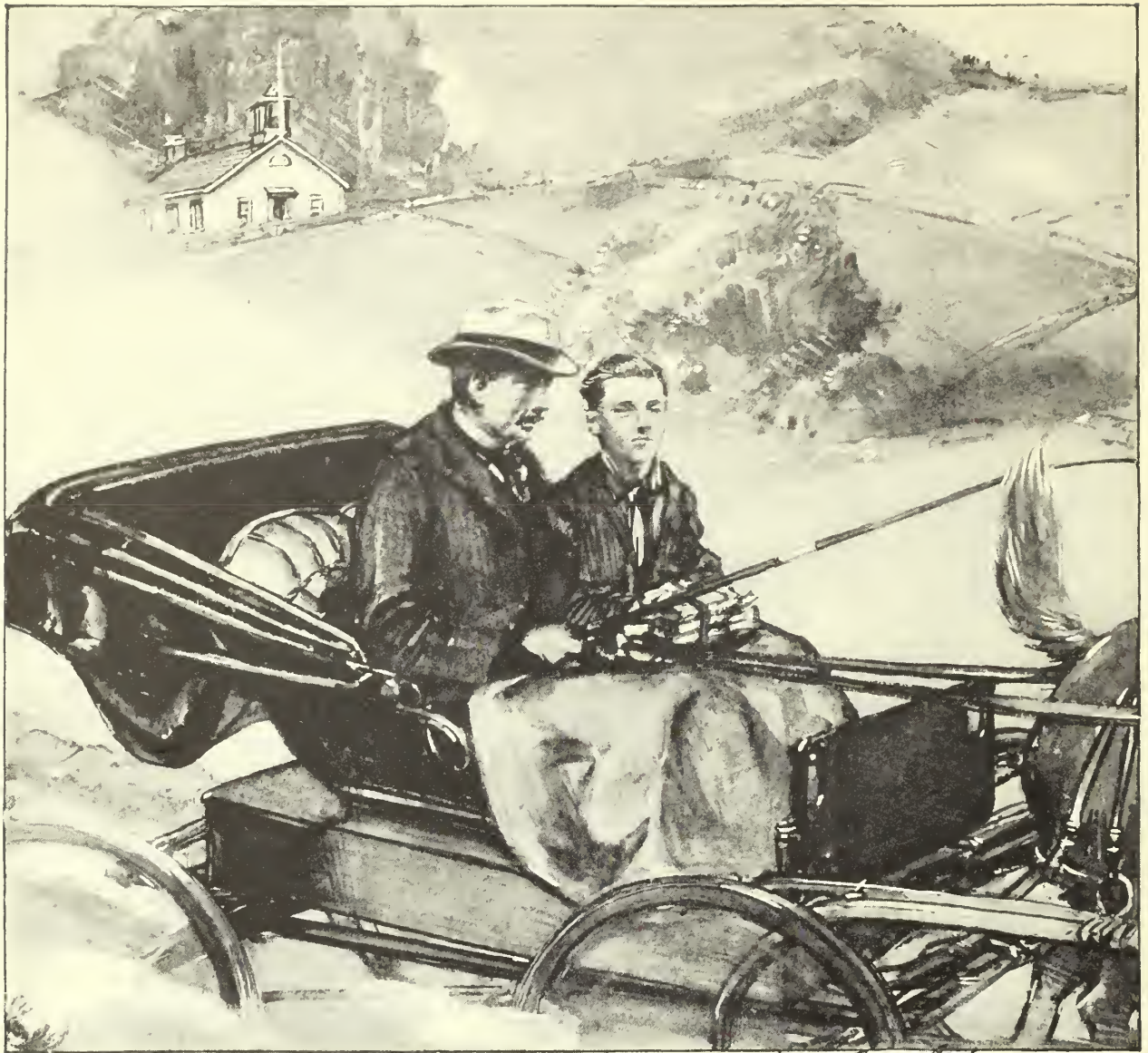
The father of these two boys had been an officer in the Regular Army. An officer of the old school, trained by superiors who had had their training on the plains, under Crook, and Custer, and Penrose; that had had nothing with which to defend three thousand miles of frontier but their own iron wills and a few hundred jailbirds, and who yet wrested the great West, foot by foot, from its savage owners.

out with their glasses, but could not, because of the lengthening shadows. Time pressed.

Then Lieutenant Livingston suggested that he go across on foot to see, pointing out that even if the bridge fell he could hold onto the hand ropes and escape injury. He went across, carefully at first, then, as the bridge held, more boldly. In the center he paused and examined the anchor ropes with his glasses. They were intact. He ran on the rest of the way, and those who watched saw him bending over the ropes to make certain they had not been tampered with. At that instant three bolo men rose from the grass. Four of the best shots in the troop, who had been posted to cover the lieutenant's advance, fired and killed one of the enemy. The second grappled with the lieutenant, and the two disappeared in the high grass.

The first three sets of fours tearing across the bridge on foot found the bodies of two bolo men, one with four bullet holes through him, and the other headless, and Lieutenant Livingston, almost cut in two, but still alive.

There was no time to debate whether the third boloman had beheaded his companion by mistake or intention, or whether the three had been left to destroy the bridge at the opportune moment or had arrived there simultaneously with the troop; the main thing was to get the wounded officer out and back to medical attention. They slung him on a litter between two horses



Then came the day when Rupert had been sent for at school. The doctor had come for him in his buggy

and started back, night or no night. If he stayed he would surely die.

The men fought for the honor of going back with him, which astonished the troop commander, for the lieutenant had been a stern disciplinarian and had none of those attributes that make an officer popular with his subordinates.

So they went out, and the lieutenant, perfectly conscious and in great pain, remembered that General Guy V. Henry, shot through the face, had been carried in a litter in just such a fashion during the Indian Wars, and had not even groaned, even when the litter upset and hurled him to the ground.

The lieutenant lived, but he never led a troop again. He was retired for disability incurred in line of duty and went back to his own country. Here, with his retired pay, and the very little that he had saved, he managed to live. Some female relative, dying, had left him a farm in Vermont, a small place where the relative had spent her summers. Captain Livingston, retired, went there with his family to be a farmer.

It was a horse-raising country, and a former officer of cavalry found much to interest him. The work, however, was too hard. Vermont is not a fertile State, its winters are bitter and long, its springs damp and cold. The captain mortgaged the farm to get the family through the first winter, and placed a second mortgage to get them through the second. Rupert, then six years old, had to walk three miles to school because they had no "team" to take him.

Rupert, twenty-three years of age, a senior, holding the highest cadet rank, meditated upon these things under the cold moon. It was a long, long time ago. He could remember even further

back, misty, dimly seen days, waving palms, white tents, soldiers in khaki and blue shirts, his father in a "Chino" uniform with yellow collar and pocket flaps, the wail of first call at reveille, the crash of the morning gun, and the sound of the band playing "Sound Off." He remembered going to stables, holding to his father's finger.

All that had suddenly ended. Why he had known not, but had accepted it with a child's fatalism. His father had been sick a long time, then there were no more reveilles, no more parades, no more sergeants' children to play with, no more troop dogs to feed. Cold and hunger and loneliness. But they had military regime. Rupert was made corporal and given charge of washing the dishes and filling the wood box. When he was seven he was made stable sergeant and watered the horse.

He was too young to realize that his father no longer worked about the farm, but stayed in a chair all day. They had a board in the stable just like those in the troop, on which the number of horses present was marked up, the number sick, when they had been shod and on which foot, etc. There was only one horse, but the stable sergeant kept a record of him as good as any sergeant in the Army.

There came a day, then, when Rupert had been sent for at the school. The doctor had come for him in his buggy and had driven him home in silence.

"Your father wants to see you," was the only explanation the doctor would give.

They had taken Rupert into the bedroom, and his father had said to him, "Rupert, we're going to give you a commission. You'll be senior officer here now, while I'm away."

The father had been unable to say more, but Rupert knew that he was dying. He remembered that he stood at attention, dry-eyed, even though his mother had wept softly, and John had blubbered so that he had to be taken out. His father's last words had been to *him*.

"Look after your mother and John," he had said. "I'm leaving you in charge."

That had been the end of Rupert's boyhood. He had become a man in that hour. From then on he was prematurely old. He and his mother made decisions, laid plans, and ran the farm between them. They decided that to farm the land was beyond their strength. His mother was an army woman, a cavalryman's daughter, granddaughter of one who had been with Mosby.

Her neighbors helped her, and she started to raise horses. It was her idea to cross the hardy Morgan with the Kentucky thoroughbred, producing an officer's charger with both speed and endurance. The horse raising prospered. They were not rich, but they paid off the mortgages, built a new house, added barns, stables and paddock.

Rupert, at sixteen, had not been stuck on a horse deal for two years, which is quite an achievement in Vermont.

Meanwhile John, but two years younger, grew up a normal cub of his age. He toiled not, neither did he spin. He rode colts, stole apples, drank maple sap out of the tree-buckets, swam in summer, hunted in the fall, and attended "sugarin'-off" parties in the winter, where he amused himself by giving wax to the neighbors' dogs and watching their attempts to open their mouths once they had sunk their teeth into the sticky mass.

It had been a long, long struggle. Rupert had had no boyhood. There had always been something unpleasant to do and he had had to do it. He had always had to make decisions and carry them out, outwardly cold, but inwardly trembling. There were times when he felt that his father was near, watching him.

"I'm leaving you in charge!" he had said.

The farm was too big now for his mother to handle alone. Rupert had decided that John must stay at home to help. They could not both go to war, certainly, and he, Rupert, as the older, should go.

There was the long wail of a trumpet from across the parade. Taps. The bells in the corridors clanged distantly, and one by one the lights went out. A saber clanked and the gravel crunched under footsteps. It was the officer of the day going out to make his inspections.

"Even', Major," he said.

"Evening, Captain."

The O.D. tramped on.

"Now," muttered Rupert to himself, "the worst is over. It's time I was in bed."

He wrapped his cape about him and went back to quarters.

Chapter II

IN NORTHERN New York, upon the shore of Lake Champlain, is a town made famous by one of the early naval battles in American history. There is a military garrison in the town, and the country round about is excellently suited to maneuvers of troops. One of the camps for the training of officers for the new Army had been established on the military reservation, and two war strength regiments had been formed of the candidates for commissions, the New England and the New York. The candidates were housed in wooden barracks hastily built, furnished at first with cots and later with double-deck bunks.

In the barracks of the Second Company of the New England regiment the men sat on their bunks, their overcoats turned up about their ears. It was bitterly cold, and outside a freezing rain fell heavily. This company had been on a practice march, and had now nothing to do but sit and shiver until retreat and supper time.

Upon an upper bunk in this barrack sat Rupert Livingston, late cadet major, now buck private, or rather buck candidate, member of the second squad. He sat and thrust his hands further into his coat pockets, and wondered if he would ever again be warm.

Below, on the opposite bunk, sat another member of the squad, a lean, wiry-looking man, nearer forty than thirty, neatly clad in a woolen uniform that bore corporal's chevrons on the sleeve. This man had a new campaign hat on his knee, to which he was laboriously affixing a hat cord of red, white, and blue cords intertwined.

Rupert watched him. The brim was nicely round and flat, but the corporal bent it violently so that it resembled a fireman's helmet, then trying it on, he pulled it down as far as his ears, and tied the strings under the chin. Both Rupert and a third man, who occupied the bunk below, laughed heartily in spite of their misery.

"You look like a candidate now!" exclaimed Rupert.

"Sure, that's what I am," returned the corporal.

Without removing his hat he took off his neatly tailored blouse and replaced it by one of cotton, such as was issued to the rest of the men. It sagged at the neck, and the back of it stuck out like a ship's rudder.

"There's nothing to be laughing at!" protested the corporal. "'Tis the blouse was issued me. I've had orders to take off me other one. The tremblin' old sour-dough that's commandin' the First Company had his hooks in me after mess. 'Why are ye not in proper uniform?' says he. 'Tis the uniform I've worn for the last two years an' never an objection to it before, sir,' says I. 'Tis not the uniform of the camp!' says he. 'Take it off! What's your name and company?' 'Corporal MacFee, sir, C Company, Fifth United States Infantry.' 'Bah!' says he, 'ye look like an infantryman. What company are ye with in the camp, fer I'm goin' to turn ye in.' 'Second New England, sir!'

'Good,' he says, 'I'm next door. I'll keep an eye on ye.'

"He'll shoot you at sunrise if he sees you in that hat," remarked Rupert.

"No," said the corporal, taking off his puttees and shoes. "He'll not recognize me. Zeal is what they want in this camp, not soldierin'. The lad that shows the zeal will be gettin' the lawngery pins at the end of it. Sure the last month I'll have the blouse taken in and put on me old Stetson again, and walk about like a soldier. Then they'll say, 'Who's the snappy lad?' 'Why, 'tis MacFee; ye mind what a ham-backed bang-toed lad it was when it come to us? Look at him now. 'Tis zeal he has. Put him down a captain.'"

"Do you think everyone that looks like a comedy song-and-dance act is going to get a commission just because they learn to wear their hats straight?" asked the man in the lower bunk. "Gee, if you do, there's hope for me."

"I thought ye was a reserve officer!" exclaimed MacFee.

"I am," said the other, "but they announced last week they didn't mean it when they commissioned us. We can't wear our uniforms we all bought at great expense."

"Saturdays and Sundays you can," interjected Rupert.

"Well, as a matter of fact I don't want to wear it then. You know I went to this business-men's camp last summer, but I didn't learn a great deal. Now suppose I was in the uniform of a first lieutenant and some civil commotion started, or the President of the United States arrived unexpectedly and I was the senior officer present, what would I do?"

MacFee and Rupert both laughed, for that had been one of the questions asked at lecture that morning by the officer in charge.

"He was kiddin' us," said MacFee. "Well, I would have answered him, only I had it in mind (Continued on page 44)"



"Time to consult the bulletin board before being rushed to study hours in the gymnasium"



The gambling room in a Nevada boom town of the early 1900's, with a craps game in the right foreground, faro at the left, and behind it the roulette wheel. Note the small bar in the front window and the thirsty lady in waiting

GOLDFIELD

By Douglas A. Gillespie

I FIRST saw Goldfield in the early spring of 1902, and I think I can lay claim to being one of the early inhabitants of the last gold strike in North America. For just as soon as I read in a San Francisco paper of the new strike I set out from Del Coronado, San Diego's beautiful winter resort, and in less than a week was in Tonopah, where the railroad ended. In the back room of a saloon there I met Charlie Lund, "the Swede Kid," who had made a fortune in Nome and had spent most of it in San Francisco. Charlie had a burro and tentage and was looking for a partner with a grub stake. We tied up after a night in a dance hall with me buying the drinks, shaking hands on the agreement to be partners in the new El Dorado. And a day later we were in Goldfield.

Just a few days before I had been lolling about in knickerbockers by day and dressing in a tuxedo at night at Del Coronado. Dancing, swimming, whist and tennis had been my principal diversions. The Pacific Fleet under Admiral Goodrich was in for a rest, and the officers were entertained extensively. Eleanor Sears of Boston, who in recent years has won fame as a cross-country walker, was the center of all eyes as she played tennis on the hotel courts, and society, which had not yet discovered Florida as a winter playground, was there in force. I was beginning to contrast it all with my previous winter in a French Canadian lumber camp on a diet of pea soup, raw salt pork, mulligan stew and garlic—to the disadvantage of Del Coronado—when I saw the item about Goldfield in the San Francisco paper. That little story was responsible for my five years and a half in Goldfield, running through the panic of 1907, which hit Goldfield a blow from which it has never recovered. The place is still in existence—though most of the buildings of the gold strike era were destroyed in a fire five or six years ago—but all its glory is gone.

What a hectic five years those were! The town was as wide

open as any Lynch law community of pioneer days, and though bare fists were used occasionally to settle a dispute, the old reliable six-gun was more often called into play. It was at Goldfield that Tex Rickard started the prize-fight promotion business that was to carry him to Madison Square Garden. Much has been written about Rickard in the months since his death, but the fiction that many of the writers put into their articles was not more amazing than the truth. I saw \$160,000 change hands at a roulette wheel at Rickard's Northern Café in Goldfield, to mention a single item.

There was only one thing the merchants, saloon keepers and gambling house proprietors of Goldfield didn't like to see, and that was money going out of town. Before the change-rooms were installed in the mines in 1906 miners carried high-grade ore out in their clothes and used it freely in the gambling rooms. If a sucker got away with a big sum at the gaming tables someone would be sure to lure him into another game and get it away from him. Very few people left Goldfield with money. I was one of the few, because I invested in money orders with the profits of the saloon which Lund and I ran.

The real old-time gamblers played faro bank, and I suppose that Goldfield was really the last stand for that fascinating game, which has been supplanted almost entirely by the roulette wheel. Even in those days it was too tame for the visitors, who insisted upon playing the wheel or shooting craps. Of course there was all sorts of talk about the faro boxes having brace devices, but I am morally certain that in the Northern and the other large gambling places the apparatus was on the square. In the dance halls the faro boxes were crooked, and many a sucker was shorn of his money after watching someone else win because the house wanted him to win. Gold dust and silver and gold coins were spread lavishly about the tables, but paper money was unknown. Incidentally, the smallest coin I ever saw in Goldfield was a silver



Goldfield's hour of glory, Labor Day, 1904, when the railroad reached town. Part of the throng watching teams of rock drillers compete for \$10,000 in gold put up by mining companies and saloon keepers

half dollar, which was good for one cigar or a drink. Ten of those half dollars bought you an I.W.W. yearly card. Everybody had to belong to that now almost extinct radical organization, whether he was engineer, miner, gambling house proprietor or bartender. I never heard of anybody refusing to pay.

Lund's burro took all the equipment we needed for the twenty-four mile trip over the desert from Tonopah to Goldfield. Canned fruit, dried vegetables, dried meat, tentage and a large canteen of water were about all we needed outside of the clothes on our backs. My share of the partnership was a supply of gold nestling in a money belt. Soon after we had our tent pitched at the new camp several old timers who had known Lund in Alaska greeted us. We found that water was scarce and that it was hauled through camp in a tank wagon from a hole near the Malapi called Rabbit Springs. The signal for water was a towel or white shirt hung on a stick in front of the tent.

I was interested in the various types to be found here and after having located campsite proceeded to wander about the camp, asking questions where necessary. I soon had the inhabitants classified into three groups. The first were the mining engineers, promoters and stock brokers. Next were the typical old desert-rat Bret Harte characters, among whom the Kid had friends. These were old timers who had spent the greater part of their lives in the search for gold. Then there were the gamblers, saloon keepers and dance-hall girls. The latter class were few at the time of our arrival but increased greatly as the news of the camp's richness spread.

We immediately staked out our claims and started assessment work. I enjoyed the work very much, but the Kid, who was softened by the sporting life he had led in Frisco, had a hard time before he toughened up. We finished assessment work before winter set in and the Falstaff five claims, named after our

favorite brew, were registered under the name of Gillespie and Lund. The Mohawk, owned by George Wingfield, was now producing a very high grade ore and everyone in the camp was telling what he would do with the dough when his claim started to produce. Labor was very scarce and labor was very necessary to sink shafts to show what was underneath the desert soil. The winter brought damp, cold weather, and due to the poor living conditions pneumonia set in and raged until hundreds had cashed in. Many of the survivors immediately left, but the old timers, including Gillespie and Lund, remained.

In the spring improvements were made in living conditions and shacks were built of empty machine-crates and oil cans. Goldfield was now permanent and building material was commencing to be hauled in from the railroad terminal at Tonopah.

Labor became plentiful—the wage of a dollar an hour for all trades attracted many from all over the country. The first hotel, the Occidental, was built with Mexican labor and was of adobe construction. Here the permanent settler who could afford it took up residence. The Kid and I shared an inside room. The construction made it very cool and comfortable and a covered terrace on the front made a delightful place to loaf. Here in the cool of the evening yarns were swapped and everyone told what he would do when he had gathered the roll we were all there for. Some were going back East to the little girl they left behind, others dreamed only of the Barbary Coast. It was here that I became acquainted with many new friends, among whom were Rag-Time Kelly, a dance-hall man from Alaska, and his wife,

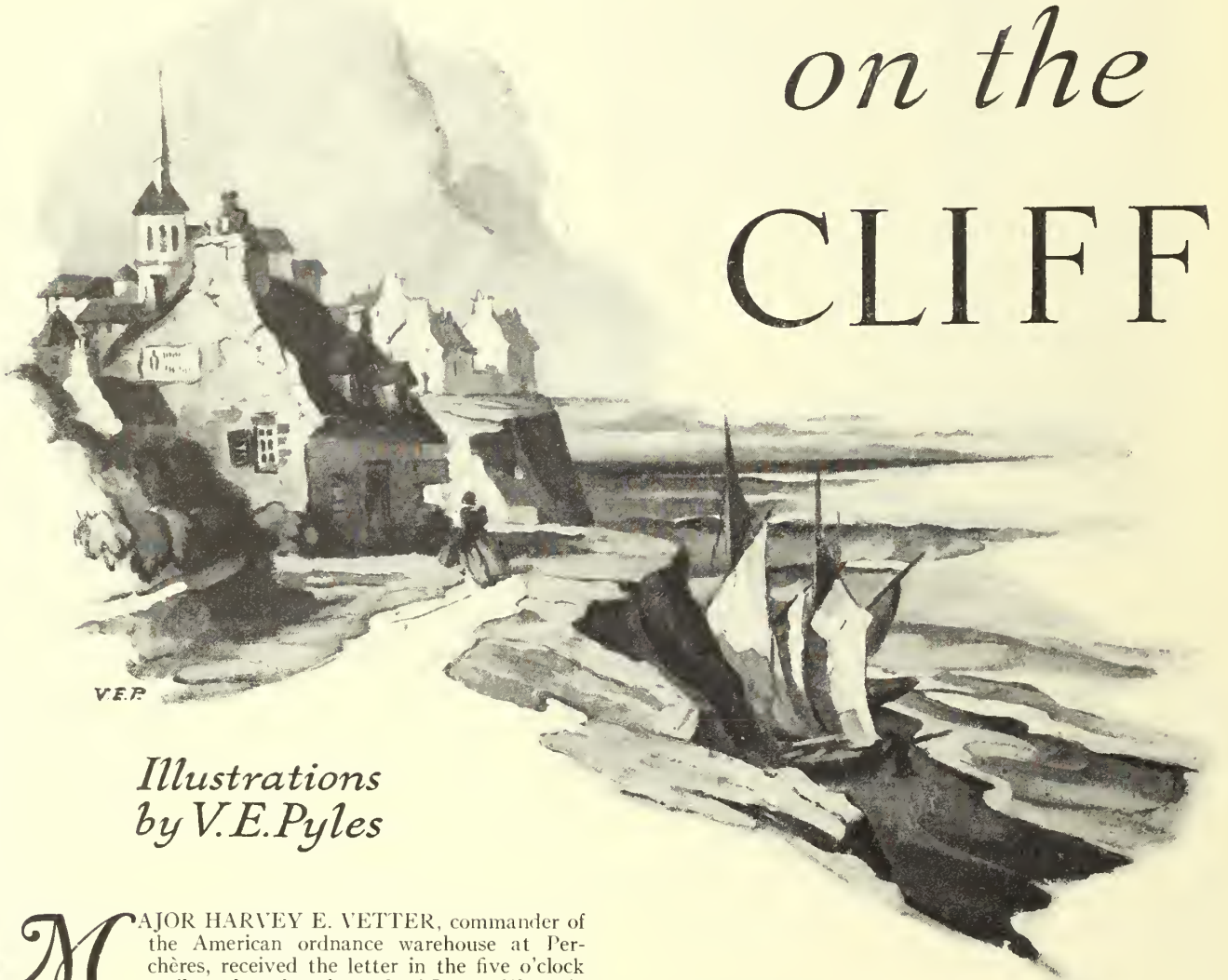
Jake Goodfriend, another dance-hall man from San Francisco, Ajax, the French wrestler, who later opened the French Restaurant and gave the town the best food it was ever to experience, and one character who later was to become one of my best friends and is today—Bill Grambow.

(Continued on page 42)



Summer styles in Goldfield did not, in the phrase of the day, take a back seat to those of Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix

The WINE SHOP *on the* CLIFF



V.E.P.

*Illustrations
by V.E. Pyles*

MAJOR HARVEY E. VETTER, commander of the American ordnance warehouse at Perchères, received the letter in the five o'clock mail on the rainy eleventh of June. The pale yellow envelope, scented with musk, had been addressed with swift, impetuous strokes in the hand of a woman.

The sergeant major in the warehouse office blinked hard at it as he sorted the mail.

"Hey, Speed, look-it," he commented to the clerk at the next desk. "Hardtack's got a letter off a femme."

"Hardtack? Off a mam'selle? Not him. He hates 'em, and you know it."

"Here it is." The sergeant major, whose name was Pelham, offered it in proof. "You can take it in. Imagine anybody making a date with that mummy!"

The clerk reported afterward that the major looked dubiously at it, tapped it twice on the table, laid it down without opening it, and said in his cold, polite voice, "That's all."

The clerk departed, quite naturally. Clerks, sergeants, lieutenants and captains waste no time in the major's private office. Hardtack Vetter had a name that he brought up from the ranks with him, the name of the strictest officer in the base port. He was fair, blunt, fearless, level-headed . . . his were the attributes of a good soldier who goes out to win wars. The command respected and obeyed him . . . that was enough.

Precisely ten minutes after the clerk handed the letter to him, the major walked hurriedly out of his office, wearing his raincoat and garrison cap. When the men in the headquarters discussed the night's business later they remembered that his hands were empty. He had put the letter out of sight. It might or might not be calling him forth.

"Going out, Pelham," he told the sergeant major. "Be gone some time. Tell the adjutant there's correspondence waiting."

The sergeant major informed him: "Lieutenant Wangler's signed out till midnight, sir. Officers' club in Brest."

Vetter frowned. "It'll have to wait then," he said. "Tell Banks, though, to stay in quarters. I might need him later."

"Don't want a driver now?" Pelham asked. His voice showed surprise.

The major guessed what he was thinking. His hard-shaved face went red and he grunted: "I'll drive myself this time."

He stalked out at once, leaving the clerk and the sergeant major to look open-mouthed at each other. The idea of Vetter driving his car was a new one to them. He was a stickler for regulations and none knew better than he what General Orders prescribed about officers driving their own cars. The men heard the machine start directly. Its sound faded away down the muddy highway that led beside the *rade* toward the foggy ramparts of Brest, ten miles distant. Once or twice during the evening the clerk, Speed Crockett, mentioned the letter.

"Imagine that old goat getting young ideas!" he muttered. That was all. The headquarters was busy issuing eleven o'clock passes to the enlisted personnel, and the major and his yellow envelope were forgotten.

The next morning, June 12th, the body of Major Vetter was discovered by school children in the rear of a disreputable wine-shop in the bleak fishing village of Tamplette-sur-Mer, forty miles southeast of Brest. He had been shot four times, once in the forehead with a .32 caliber weapon, twice in the chest, and once in the left leg by a smaller gun. The flaps of his blouse pockets were buttoned, and the fact that two hundred and eleven

By KARL W. DETZER



"When did you hear the shooting?" Costello asked while she served them

francs lay untouched in his flat wallet indicated that robbery was not the motive.

But what the motive was . . .

"Double-crossed by a woman," guessed the D.C.I. corporal assigned to the case.

The corporal was Costello, of the Brest office. The report from the gendarme at Tamplette was relayed to American headquarters at nine o'clock that morning. Costello accepted the job without enthusiasm. He had arrived in Brest four months earlier with a casual detachment, homeward bound, and his service record had been his undoing.

"Age, 30; civil occupation, Chicago Detective Bureau," caught the eye of an officer who knew the shortage of secret police, and the corporal missed his boat. He was a good detective, the commander of the Brest district discovered; a hard-working young man whose dark, slightly foreign face gave him an un-American appearance; not infallible always (especially in a case where women were concerned) but able usually to find his way about.

This morning Costello first telephoned Vetter's camp. He informed the shocked headquarters of the murder, and talked to the adjutant, Lieutenant Wangler. Their conversation was brief, and Wangler's information inadequate.

"Any enemies?" Costello asked.

"Enemies? Oh, lord, no! None!" Wangler answered.

"A drinking man?"

"Absolutely not."

"Who saw him leave camp?"

"The sergeant major and a clerk."

"Leave me speak to one of them, sir?" Costello asked.

The sergeant major came willingly to the telephone, and from him Costello learned of the letter.

"Case ought to be easy," the corporal remarked to his partner, Private Kirt, as they left the D.C.I. office. "Another major and another woman. They ought to have kept the majors out this war."

Costello, driving a police car, started at once for Tamplette-

sur Mer, and Kirt, who rode a motorcycle, followed him as far as Quirter. There Costello turned south on the Nantes road, and Kirt northeast toward Perchères. Costello needn't inquire the way to Tamplette. All along the rocky coast of Finistère the village bore a sour reputation.

He halted at the gendarmerie. The one policeman assigned to the town, a thin, pleasant pensioner named Doriot, greeted him excitedly. Yes, he would guide his young comrade to the tragedy. Would he first not partake of a hot grog? No? Too bad. With this wind and wet weather, a man needed warm lining.

The wine shop was a dilapidated stone shack, crouched some forty paces back from the cliff road, and conveniently sheltered from inquisitive passing eyes by forlorn clumps of shrubbery. A footpath followed its south wall, however, across a common to the public square, where the church, the school, the town hall and the Hôtel de France huddled together in an effort to escape the lash of unfriendly winds.

A gate opened from the footpath to the narrow back garden of the shop. Inside the gate, face downward on the wet ground, lay the huge body of the American. Costello, accustomed to ugly sights, felt a sense of uneasiness as he stooped beside the gendarme. The wind drummed unhappily overhead. Tall poplars swept like brooms against the foggy sky, where even the clouds raced by as if anxious to escape the neighborhood. Costello unbuttoned first the raincoat, then the blouse at the throat.

"I find the name in the lining of the cap," Doriot explained.

"It'll be here, too." The corporal pulled out the aluminum identification tags. "H. E. Vetter," he read. "Major Ord. U. S. A."

His knuckles touched the dead man's chest; it was cold.

"Been layin' here some time," Costello remarked thoughtfully.

He searched the pockets. They contained little enough . . . the wallet with two hundred and eleven francs as Doriot had reported, keys, the officer's record card, and a small French dictionary. Costello stuffed what he found into his own blouse.

"How'd he get here?" he asked Doriot. "Any sign of a car?"

The gendarme shrugged. "I found him thus."

"We'll take him inside here," Costello said. "Lift the feet."

The wine-shop door opened as they approached with their burdens, and a short, ugly woman with dark spectacles stepped outside. She was smoking a cigar and wore a soiled white bonnet, with a frilled apron over her harsh gray homespun dress. Costello noticed that she didn't look French particularly. Her face was too lean for Brittany, just as her skin was too dark. He thought at once of Spain and the south countries.

"Good morning, madame," he said. At least this was not the woman who sent a letter to Major Vetter. If so, the envelope would have been dirty. He added: "A fine, windy day."

She stared at him hostilely through the dark glasses, took the cigar from her mouth, and spit. It was an American cigar, Costello observed, plumper and lighter than the misshapen French wartime smokes.

"We have too many such fine days," she complained. "You are Yenk? Then who is that dead person?"

"Whoever he is, we're bringing him in," Costello answered.

The woman forbade it. "Into my house? A dead man?"

They brushed past her while she was still protesting, and laid Major Vetter on the floor in a small dim kitchen.

"No need of medicos," Costello said. He paused sentimentally and put the major's soggy garrison cap on his chest, then followed the gendarme to the bar.

The close little front room, which was empty of customers, smelled strongly of the woman's cigar. Costello sniffed it agreeably. American cigars always smelled sweeter than the French.

"Stand right where you are, both of you," he bade



"Have a hot grog now, my brigadier?" he asked. "A man needs warm lining, you know."

The woman refused. "There is no fire, no hot water. If you desire wine. . . ."

"Zut!" Doriot padded to the rack behind the bar and took down a squat bottle of calvados. "Glasses, madame, clean glasses." To Costello he added quietly: "Her name is Bassinet. She is a widow and her reputation is flyspecked."

"When did you hear the shooting?" Costello asked while she served them.

"I heard no shot. The wind . . . it blows all night . . . listen . . . so, like that. I can hear nothing."

Doriot stood up, took her firmly by the ear, and pointed to a third chair. "Do not be so exclusive, madame. Sit. Drink. When was this man killed?"

"At eleven," she answered sullenly, and the gendarme ceased her ear. "That's all I know of it. Five minutes afterward I hear the clock strike."

"By whom is he killed?"

"Name of St. Mary!" she muttered. "How shall I guess? I was attending my own affairs."

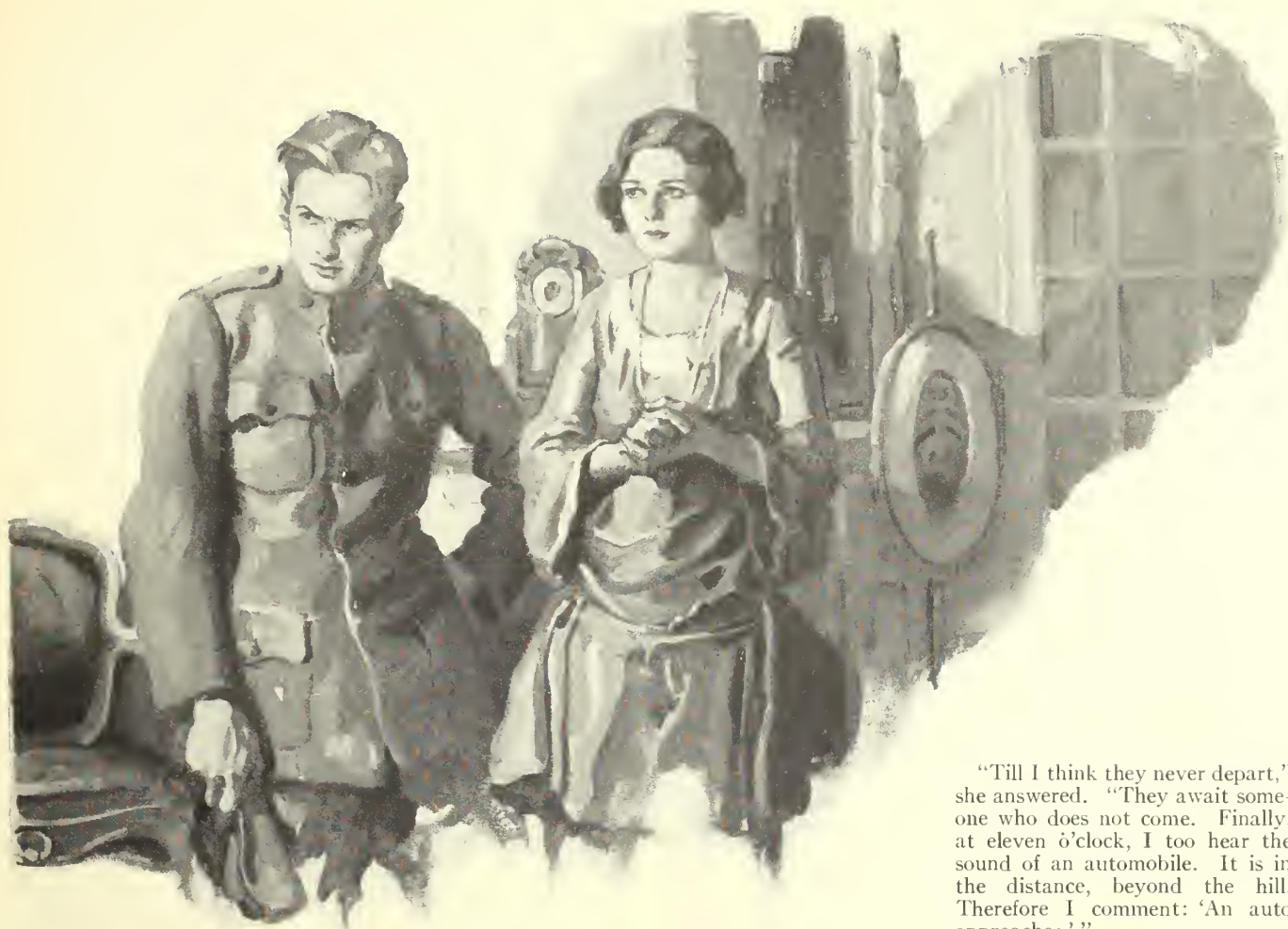
"Which were?"

"Serving my customers. My shop is popular with respectable folk."

Costello tasted his glass. It was flat stuff. "Who were these customers?" he asked.

"I do not know. Two men."

"Frenchmen?" The corporal glanced about the room as he put



the question. The two small, unwashed windows admitted little daylight. The zinc covering on the bar was tarnished and the sand on the floor dirty. There were three dilapidated tables and a handful of broken chairs. From a rafter hung a loop of herbs. Costello could imagine the type of respectable folk who patronized the widow. He repeated his question.

"One of them was French, yes," the woman admitted. "A marine. The other a civilian, foreigner, I think. American? Oui, I suppose so."

"You will tell me all!" Doriot threatened.

"I know nothing, m'sieurs. I am an innocent widow. Gentlemen come here to spend a quiet hour. As to those last night, I do not annoy my patrons by asking their names. These have been here before, oui, three times . . . perhaps five. Last night they order only weak grog. A poor man's drink. They arrive before the clock strikes nine, and sit and sit. . . ."

"They come by the southbound train," Doriot interjected. "Oui, my sergeant, I interview this morning the chef de gare and the baker. They alone of all our citizens work at night. From the chef de gare I learn that two passengers, men, one of them a French marine, alight at eight o'clock with tickets from Brest. They told him they would return on the northbound train at three."

"But. . . ." Costello urged him.

"They did not return. The baker heard a car shortly before time to put the bread in the pans."

"When's that?"

"Eleven o'clock. Since his was the only lighted window on the place, this car halted in front. Like a maniac a man pounded on the door and demanded the way to this buvette."

Costello leaned forward eagerly. "Man look like Vetter?"

"The baker did not open up, m'sieur. He is born without curiosity. He heard the car again in ten minutes, perhaps fifteen."

"Leaving town?"

"He could not say."

"He's a poor baker," Costello grunted. He sat silent for a minute, then prodded the woman. "The customers stayed longer than usual last night?"

"Till I think they never depart," she answered. "They await someone who does not come. Finally, at eleven o'clock, I too hear the sound of an automobile. It is in the distance, beyond the hill. Therefore I comment: 'An auto approaches.'"

"And when it arrived?" Doriot prompted, for she had gone back to smoking, her hands working nervously.

"It does not arrive. When I mention its approach the two gentlemen become nervous. They look from the window. They see nothing. I explain: 'Perhaps your friend arrives by the rear gate.' One of them opens the back door. He speaks with fright over his shoulder."

"What did he say?"

"How do I know? Except he commands me turn out the lamp. The Frenchman goes also to the door, then, and they step out. I hear a cry . . . two cry . . . so . . . like that. Then the shooting. Eight . . . ten shooting. A long time I sit in the dark, then bar the doors and go to bed. The night is cold. I do not sleep."

"They didn't come back?"

"Non, they are departed, and have not paid for their drinks."

"Just left you a smoke," Costello said.

"But what is one cigar? The bill is fourteen francs." She blew out a cloud, making a screen before her ugly features.

"Good cigar, anyhow," Costello sniffed again. The remark had its intended effect, for the woman turned, looking full at him, so that at his next question he could watch her expression. "There was a mam'selle with them?"

"Non."

"A French girl?" Costello guessed.

"Last night? Non. Not last night."

"Before?"

The innkeeper shrugged scornfully. She spoke so rapidly Costello could not understand her next words.

"She says a girl who held her head too high came here once with them," the gendarme explained.

Costello smiled. "Her name?" he asked.

The woman made a wry face. "I tell you I do not ask my patrons' names." She dabbed at her mouth with a soiled handkerchief.

"A homely wench, I suspect," Costello remarked carelessly. "You say the two men owed you fourteen francs?" He took money from his pocket. "For their bill and ours, my good madame. And a little extra." He poured the change into her hand and she clutched greedily at

(Continued on page 54)

CONQUISTADOR, *New Style*



O. L. Bodenhamer, National Commander of
The American Legion

by
Philip Von Blon

at Brownwood and Baylor University at Waco. While attending these schools he had tended furnaces, cut lawns, sold books and life insurance and aluminum wear, and had done other things to provide the money for his living expenses, his clothing, his textbooks and his tuition. For a long time he spent his hours out of the classroom working as a carpenter, and while he was studying for his degrees he was a member of the carpenters' union in Brownwood. Despite the time his outside work subtracted from his studies, he made a consistently good record in scholarship and a surpassingly good record in varied student activities. He was a leader in all campus affairs, marked for his versatility, pointed to as a man who would go far in the world that comes after college.

The job of teaching English and coaching the athletic teams at San Marcos was to have been an interlude—a period of full time money-earning, to make possible the payment of debts and finance the years he needed for a course in law at an Eastern university.

If the war hadn't come along in 1917 the law school of Columbia University in that year or in the following year would have had upon its roll of students the name of O. L. Bodenhamer. As it was, the earliest weeks of the war saw that name upon the roll of students of the First Officers Training Camp at Leon Springs, Texas. In the first week of May in 1917, San Marcos Academy was about to lose its English teacher, although it didn't know it.

Young Mr. Bodenhamer had gone quietly from San Marcos to Austin, the state capital, while the country was thrilling with the first sensations of wartime. He had returned quietly to his desk at San Marcos holding a secret. During the next few weeks he found it hard to keep his attention focused on the job of imparting textbook wisdom to the boys and girls in his classes. He looked at the calendar often, and his mind went wandering to imaginary days ahead. In his room he was busy packing books and clothing. He watched every mail. One day there came the letter he had been looking for.

The English teacher wasn't a demonstrative sort of person. The friend and comrade of his boys as well as their instructor, he had been looking forward to the day when he should leave them. He had taught them to play baseball and football as well as to write themes. He had wondered what they would say and do when they learned he was leaving them. He knew his boys and he had an idea what they would do, and if he could help it there wasn't going to be any leave-taking ceremony at San Marcos Academy. He had confided his plans to the president of the school and fellow teachers, but his classes should learn he had gone only when they missed him.

Afternoon classes assembled placidly at the academy while the English teacher was giving the final tug at a suitcase bulging with clothing and other belongings a man takes with him on a long journey. The clocks in the academy classrooms were ticking uneventfully for several hundred students when a village taxicab crunched over the gravel driveway that led past classroom windows and stopped at a doorway. Young Mr. Bodenhamer and his suitcase entered the back seat of the taxicab. The driver slammed the door. The car shot on its way out of the driveway with singing gears. The whistle of a train sounded in the distance.

The slamming of a cab door or the clashing of automobile gears had drawn the attention of a schoolgirl of San Marcos Academy. A pair of eyes in a window of a dormitory saw a surprising sight—the English teacher in a taxicab heading for the railway station as the afternoon train was whistling its way toward San Marcos.

WHEN the United States entered the World War in 1917, the teacher of English in San Marcos Baptist College at San Marcos, Texas, revised the plans he had been making to round out his education.

Twenty years before, he had been a schoolboy in a little country school in an undeveloped region of Texas, hardly a fountain of knowledge. Three months of school a year—and nine months in which to forget everything learned in the three. Strapping big schoolmates who prided themselves upon the facility with which they ran out successive schoolmasters.

Since those early and bitter days he had come up the educational ladder, rung by rung, inspired by devoted and hard-working parents who were not able to give him much financial backing, earning his way through a Texas college and a Texas university. He had been graduated with honors from Howard Payne College



The future chief of Legiondom as he looked twenty years ago. He is standing at the extreme right in this family group, which includes his father and mother, his two brothers, and an aunt (standing), now Mrs. J. T. Allbright of Brownwood, Texas

So it happened that while Mr. Bodenhamer and his suitcase were finding a seat on the train that was to carry him to Leon Springs, there were strange things happening back at the academy. Through the classrooms news of the English teacher's departure was flashing—a sensation second only to the sensation of the declaration of war a month earlier. Perhaps the students hadn't been entirely unaware of the teacher's secret. Anyway, one and all they seemed to know just what they were going to do when confronted with the fact that he had gone. At the end of an hourly recitation period, instead of going into other classrooms for a new period, the boys and girls burst from the academy's doors, crossed the campus like runners in a marathon race and sped down the village street toward the railroad station.

The train had already pulled out of San Marcos station when the breathless vanguard of Mr. Bodenhamer's pupils sighted it. Mr. Bodenhamer in his seat on the train heard their first shout of farewell that came to him from the hilltop above the railroad. Looking out, he saw boys and girls all along the hillside, shouting and waving affectionate goodbyes. He could see them, still standing there on the hillside, until the town itself faded from sight.

The train that carried O. L. Bodenhamer to Leon Springs was also carrying him to a destiny which he could not foresee or foretell—destiny that was to guide him through stirring years of war, of business and adventure, that was to

make him a pioneer and master builder of a new metropolis, that was to make him in the autumn of 1929 National Commander of The American Legion.

Nature was on the side of destiny. She gave Bodenhamer health and the heritage of vigorous ancestors. Lost in time are the records of the first Bodenhamer who settled in New Amsterdam, but down through several centuries his descendants have been true in mind and body to their sturdy inheritance. Lost in time also are the record of the first branch of the Hopkins family in Virginia from which sprang Anna Lee Hopkins, who became the mother of Osee Lee Bodenhamer on June 27, 1891, at Goldthwaite, Texas. The Hopkinses, too, are a sturdy lot. Lee Bodenhamer's earliest recollections are of the days of his childhood when he sat on the knee of his Grandfather Hopkins at Goldthwaite and listened to tales of Civil War battles. Grandfather Hopkins talked of Stonewall Jackson and General Lee. He had followed them in the war. Grandfather Bodenhamer had also fought in that war—an officer with the troops of Mississippi—and he died from that war. Lee Bodenhamer's father was one of a large number of children left in a widowed mother's care in the hard days that had followed the war. And it was in those hard days that Lee Bodenhamer's father had come from Mississippi to Texas to try to get a foothold on undeveloped land.

John Richard Bodenhamer, Lee Bodenhamer's father, never found prosperity on the land about



The future National Commander (center) at the age of nine with his two brothers and his dog, Tiger. The dog was buried with due military honors

Goldthwaite, Texas, but he and Anna Lee Hopkins were blessed by the birth of three sons. Lee Bodenhamer was the oldest.

Lee Bodenhamer wasn't thinking of destiny when he got off the train at Leon Springs and reported to the enrollment officer of the First Officers Training Camp. When he put on his private's uniform his chief care was whom to salute and when. The camp was filling with candidates, but there was a surprising assortment of uniformed Regular Army officers and sergeants and the complicating presence of uniformed welfare workers. Somebody had told Recruit Bodenhamer that a safe rule for saluting was to single out the wearers of leather leggings. Wherefore, unnumbered old time Regular Army sergeants and countless Y. M. C. A. field marshals and lesser welfare workers received the practice salutes of the young teacher from Texas.

Training officers, thumbing qualification cards, discovered that the scholastic records of the Texas school teacher, the medals and other honors he had won in his college days, were indicative of genuine ability. They marked Bodenhamer as a man who would win in the Army the same high standing he had won in college. He was tall and broad-shouldered, and drillmasters didn't feel called upon to improve the carriage nature had given him. He combined a natural dignity with unassuming comradeship. He had the presence and the attributes that go with commanding ability, and he wore authority well. What he had learned of human nature as a school-teacher didn't handicap him as a fledgeling officer.

Bodenhamer emerged from the first training camp a captain of infantry. That was on August 17, 1917. The record he had made and the fact that he had been a teacher in civilian life were duly noted. Uncle Sam wasn't letting teachers slip through his fingers. He was putting a tag upon them and holding them.

Bodenhamer was held in Leon Springs as instructor for the Second Officers Training Camp—and the third camp. When the third camp ended, it looked as if training camp days were over. Bodenhamer went to Camp Gordon, Georgia, to train for overseas. There followed him to Camp Gordon, however, an order. By its terms he became a major and proceeded to Camp Perry, Ohio, to the Small Arms Training School. This was in June of 1918. More teaching, more marking time, but exceptionally busy days, nevertheless.

In the fall of 1918, Bodenhamer went to Camp Travis, Texas, to take command of the Third Battalion of the 10th Infantry, Regular Army outfit, that was being made the nucleus of the 18th Division. The division would go overseas in November, the camp believed. It was all set to go when the Armistice was signed. Then a part of it moved southward to the Mexican border and a part of it took off the uniform and went home. Major Bodenhamer served several more months at Camp Travis until, early in 1919, the order came through that made him a civilian once

more. When he took off his uniform and paid off some debts he didn't have a nickel.

The qualities which enabled Lee Bodenhamer to advance in less than two years from a rear-rank buck private in training camp to a major of the Regular Army were the same qualities which had made him the recognized leader of his classmates in a Texas college and a Texas university before the war. At Howard Payne College, despite the time he had to give to his outside work, he stood high in his classes. He was the college's star in oratory and debate and he found time to play football. But it was as an organizer and director in student activities that he is best remembered. At Baylor University, he held most of the offices of honor in student organizations. Before graduation, he was elected the permanent president of his class. There were only forty members of that class, but as a parting gift to the university it gave \$2,000 as an endowment for a permanent scholarship. It was Lee Bodenhamer who conceived the idea of that scholarship and personally saw to it that the money was raised. The undertaking was typical of his genius. He had the knack of finding money and making it work.

When Bodenhamer came out of the army and took inventory of his non-existent financial resources, he wasn't discouraged. He knew that the next thing in order was to make money and, if possible, to make it fast. That might not be so simple, because he was one of thousands and thousands of other men just out of the Army who had the same thought, and business and industry just at that time were not bidding for brain power and ability. There was an oversupply of dynamic leaders just out of O.D. looking for opportunities. There was a rainbow in the sky, however. The Southwest's imagination was thrilling with dreams of wealth from oil. New oil fields were being discovered in Texas and Oklahoma and Arkansas. Lee Bodenhamer turned his eyes and ears toward the oil fields.

First, however, there was the question of capital. Bodenhamer answered it by walking one day into the office of his old friend and classmate E. H. Sparkman, at Waco. Mr. Sparkman was like all who had known Bodenhamer in his student days. He

knew Bodenhamer could start anything on a shoe-string and, by sheer personality, organizing ability and dexterity of mind, turn it into a counterpart of a mint. Mr. Sparkman was a professor, a teacher of Spanish at Baylor. He recalls very well the day when Lee Bodenhamer came back to Waco.

"He had just complimented me on my little daughter and my chest was thrust out like Andy Gump's when he made a casual suggestion that I help him obtain a loan," Mr. Sparkman tells reminiscently. "I told him I would, and I got another professor to sign a note with me. We both felt

Bodenhamer was doing us a service, but after it was all over I got frightened. I realized that the amounts were rather large for college professors. It was characteristic of Bodenhamer that the debt was paid quickly—long before it came due."

On his shoestring, Bodenhamer went into the oil lease business that year and he stayed with it for two years. At the start he specialized in operations in the new Burk-Burnett oil fields at Wichita Falls, Texas. In the bottom lands of the Red River



The Oil Exchange Building, El Dorado, in which Bodenhamer has his offices—an indication of the permanence of Southwestern prosperity. In oval, Bodenhamer when he graduated from college





fortunes were being made overnight. Owners of land were selling their rights and retiring from the cares of life. Gushers were coming in all through the section. Oil leases and royalties figured in spectacular finance. In this oil field Lee Bodenhamer made money fast and made a lot of it. It seemed very simple—the highroad to fortune was broad and smooth. Just stay on it and keep going.

Then a new oil field beckoned. Bodenhamer went to Ranger, Texas, where more gushers were spouting wealth. With breath-taking rapidity he proceeded to lose the money he had made at Wichita Falls. The new field was spotted. Dry holes were coming in within fifty feet of gushers. It all spelled deflation and disillusionment.

Mr. Bodenhamer decided to be done with oil booms. Florida was just beginning to hold out an enchanting arm. A friend in Florida invited the Texas oil man to come down to rest and look around. Bodenhamer went. He wanted to find the detachment in which he could make a new decision for the future. Of one thing he was sure—he was done with booms. He would stick to the conventional processes of business. He went to Florida with the idea that the real-estate business offered conservative opportunities. What he saw in Florida convinced him he was right, and he began to think of neglected opportunities in the real-estate field back in Texas. No more oil booms.

Bodenhamer was marking time in Florida, getting ready to drive back to Texas, when something happened at the little town of El Dorado in Arkansas. The Busey well came in—a gusher that was giving twenty thousand barrels of oil a day. Twenty thousand dollars a day to somebody. The rush to El Dorado was on. Bodenhamer read about it in the Florida newspapers. His blood stirred—but he was done with oil booms. At the same time,



Hauling supplies to the El Dorado (top picture) in the good old days over the bad old roads. Below, a sample of present-day Arkansas highway, for which O. L. Bodenhamer is among those responsible

it might be well to drive by El Dorado on the way back to Texas. He climbed in his automobile and started back—back to Texas by way of El Dorado.

In 1921 the mud roads of Arkansas were trails through the swamps. It hadn't been easy driving on some of the stretches up through Florida and there were mean roads, too, in Louisiana. But in Arkansas there was mile after mile of mud-churning and wallowing through elongated quagmires. The last few miles before he came into Arkadelphia constituted a nightmare.

Bodenhamer determined he would drive no farther. He exhibited his mud-plastered car on the public square of Arkadelphia—sold it to the man who made him the best offer. In a freshly-pressed suit from one of his bags he took a train for El Dorado. He got off the train in El Dorado at eight o'clock at night. He found himself in the midst of the wildest oil boom he had yet seen.

History was being made when Bodenhamer got his first look at El Dorado that night. In the next eight years he was to be one of the dominating figures in the transformation of a dreamy little town of 3,800 persons into a model city of thirty thousand souls.

The Spanish conquerors who came to the New World after Columbus, shouting the name of Christ and searching for the treasure hoards of the Aztecs, dreamed of a city of gold. With fire and sword they devastated a peaceful land and slaughtered an ancient people while they sought their dream city, the legendary and mythical El Dorado. They never found it.

Ironically enough, while Coronado and his armored conquerors were roaming far and wide west of the Mississippi, never finding the gold that fired their dreams, the ground that was scarred by their spurs covered a hoard of treasure—treasure that was to be discovered centuries later when the (Continued on page 52)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

What Is Parity?



TO MOST Americans, the phrase "naval parity" means an equality of fighting strength at sea. The belief is prevalent that parity can be achieved by pairing off ships and fleets until whole navies of exactly equal military efficiency have been determined. Then all other ships

are to be scrapped.

This method is partly practicable. First-line fighting vessels known as super-dreadnoughts are so standardized throughout the world that relative strength is virtually ascertainable. But many warships are not at all standardized, and therefore the problem of finding a yardstick of efficiency is a very real one. Cruisers are an example.

The first cruisers were frigates. Nelson used them as scouts, as advance and rear guards, as messenger ships. And he was forever appealing to the Admiralty to give him more frigates. During the World War the historic strategic importance of cruisers was enhanced by their highly efficient escort work in defense against submarines.

At the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments in 1921-22, no agreement could be reached for the limitation of cruisers. Five years later, efforts at an agreement between the United States, Great Britain and Japan to limit cruisers, destroyers, submarines and other ships left unlimited by the Washington conference also came to grief. The failure of the Geneva conference resulted primarily from British demands which American representatives regarded as tending to increase rather than to diminish naval establishments. But there was a fundamental difference in point of view. Having few naval bases abroad, our needs called for the largest admissible cruisers (10,000 tons) with the greatest possible radius of action. The British have no less than three bases in every ocean. They wanted small cruisers, of from 3,500 to 7,500 tons, armed with six-inch guns as against our eight-inch guns. Wanting smaller ships, they asked for more, even proportionately.

AT that time Britain had seventeen more cruisers than we had; Japan had three more. Most of our cruisers were obsolete. Some were like the *Seattle*, which was launched in 1905 as the battleship *Washington*, and was retained as a cruiser in classification although used as a flagship only—a sort of floating office-building.

America appropriated money enough for fifteen more cruisers. The somewhat militaristic conservative government of Britain gave place to a labor government of quite different complexion. At London,

before the month of January is out, diplomats may have arrived at a yardstick by which cruisers, destroyers and other ships unlimited at Washington eight years ago may be measured and allotted according to a definite proportion among the five great powers.

If this proportion follows the ratio set down at Washington for capital ships, the British and American navies will have establishments based on the maximum figure five, with Japan in the ratio of three and France and Italy in the ratio of 1.75.

But will the yardstick insure equality under all conditions? Suppose cruisers for the British and American Navies are limited to 200,000 tons for each country. We can have twenty 10,000-ton ships with eight-inch batteries. The British would have perhaps three times as many ships armed only with six-inch guns. Although one of our large cruisers could offset a number of the smaller British ships, the British numbers could wreck our ocean-going marine, while our great ships could hardly disturb the world's trade routes because most of them would remain with the battle fleet.

FRANCE already has demonstrated a skepticism toward rule-of-thumb methods of limitations. Under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was limited to warships of 10,000 tons displacement. Germany has built ships of this size, but has armed them with eleven-inch guns, creating a new and most formidable type of battleship. France will want ships of equal power. Moreover, France is disinclined to accept parity with Italy at the London conference, and Japan is demanding an improvement in cruiser ratio of ten percent.

But perhaps the greatest obstacle to establishing a basis for comparison and measurement will lie in auxiliary merchant vessels. For decades the British have been subsidizing the construction of fast passenger-carrying ships capable of easy conversion to military purposes. During the World War scores of British merchant vessels were used as naval units pure and simple. Half a dozen of the channel steamers were used with the Grand Fleet, replacing as many destroyers.

Who will find a yardstick to measure these potential cruisers and destroyers? By what means may we determine the naval efficiency of the *Mauretania* and the *Berengaria* as compared to the *Leviathan* and the *George Washington*? Britain has scores of fast convertible merchantmen; we have perhaps half a dozen that are adaptable to the same degree. Will Britain concede that her reserve ships are to be measured in



"WELCOME"

comparison with our own? It is an important point.

Recently Major Seagrave, the gallant Britisher who holds the world's record for speedy travel on land, set up a new record for speed on the surface of the sea. He has a boat that can go ninety miles an hour. The British Admiralty is interested, because the boat's style is adaptable to destroyer construction. The British are beginning to regard all their old destroyers as obsolete. Our advantage of perhaps a hundred destroyers (an advantage only in quantity) could easily be upset by a few British destroyers capable of sixty or seventy knots speed.

Parity is most elusive. Equal tonnage is not parity. Equality in speed is not parity, nor is equality in gunpower. Parity depends a great deal on a nation's ability to re-fuel and to re-supply a ship in foreign waters. We have five bases outside the continental limits of our country; England has twenty-five. It

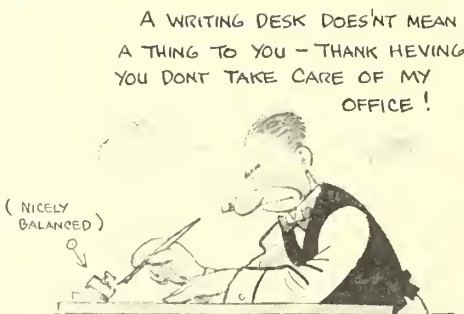
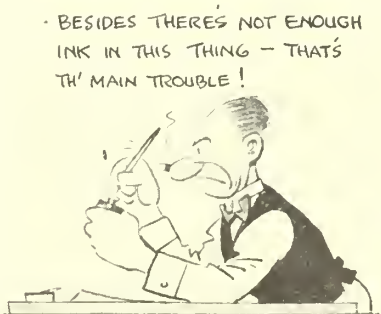
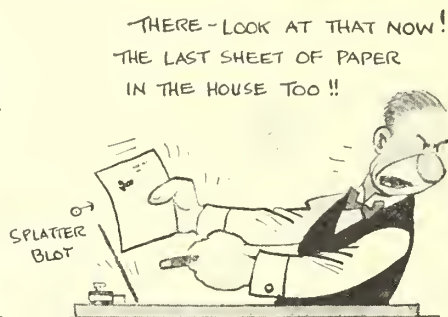
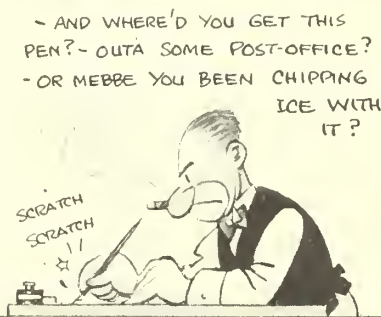
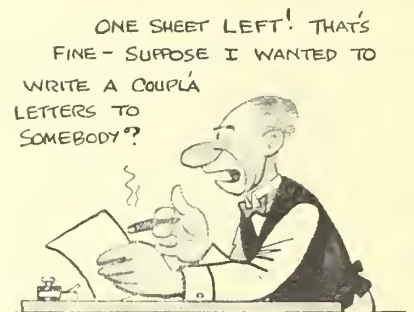
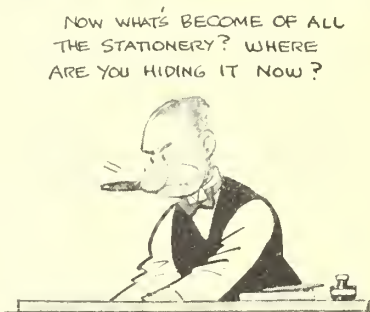
is possible for an American cruiser to be 10,000 miles from a friendly station. No British cruiser can get more than 3,000 miles from a British base of supplies. What yardstick can measure the military efficiency of a naval base?

These are some of the problems that will confront—but not, it is to be hoped, confound—the coming London conference. They are presented here merely to give some indication of the enormousness of the task facing the delegates. Naval parity is not something that can be achieved by adopting by acclamation a glibly generalized resolution. A multitude of factors enter into the discussion. Out of it, God willing, will emerge some program looking toward a more assured world stability without sacrifice of the national security upon which the representatives of each of the participating countries participating in the discussions will with all propriety insist.

THE HOME SECRETARY

Proving That Some Resolutions Require a Sweet Nature

By Wallgren



❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

AFTER FORTY THOUSAND miles by steamers and train through Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China to the Philippines the old traveler's feet are again under his desk. The ache that started them on the trail was cured before the hike was half over. Homesickness had set in, which is not saying they won't ache again. The big thing about going is looking forward to return to the U. S. A.—one advantage of foreign tours not sufficiently advertised.

The Ache Is Over

THERE IS A stack of Post and Department papers on the table beside my desk. I thank the editors for these old friends welcoming me. Mail could not travel faster than I in lands where postal forwarding facilities were poor. Many letters have accumulated. The pile is being reduced by answers with apologies to correspondents including those from the anti-vaccinationists and American Fascisti who were aroused by paragraphs.

Thanks and Apologies

THERE WAS NOT much news about America in China. I did know that Premier MacDonald visited President Hoover. When I turned to the back numbers of home newspapers to get in touch it was surprising how much I need not read. The suspense that carried readers along from day to day is missing. The last chapter of the "continued in our next" story has already been published. But you have not even to turn to that. Your friends act as town criers. They tell you who won the pennant, who was elected Mayor, the price of wheat and who is the new National Commander of the Legion.

Getting in Touch

YOUR FRIENDS HAVE more news to give to you than you to give to them. The outside world grows small and their world grows big. They ask if you had a good trip. Maybe they ask, too, "How are things over there?" and you do not persist in telling them when you are seeing that Mary is letting her hair grow long again, Bill has a new car, and you learn that somebody you know has twins and somebody else has been hit by stock speculation.

Big World, Little World

WHEN YOU ARE asked what impressed you most on your trip you note a warning glance not to take too long in telling it while you wonder how you will be able to tell it at all. Soldiers who will think back to their return from France will understand this. But although the Far East is so very far away what is going on among the five hundred million people whose lands I visited may appear of concern to us if you will look through my telescope.

It Is Time We Knew

VERY FAR FROM it if you think of Asia as a part of the world. Arbitral Kellogg Pact and League of Nations have not settled the funny kind of war which has been going on for months between Soviet Russia and China in northern Manchuria. Small outpost armies over a front as long as that in France keep up sniping and raids. Artillery occasionally takes pot shots; airplanes occasionally drop bombs. There is a maximum of war excitement for a minimum of casualties. Nobody can guess how long it will last or what the end will be. One thing sure is that future trouble is brewing where three nationalities, Russian, Chinese, and Japanese, meet in Manchuria.

Far from a Peaceful World

I SAW CHINESE soldiers at drill with modern arms. They drill well. I saw them on the march. They march well. They also fight well on occasion. But that is not enough. It depends upon what they are fighting for and whom they are fighting. The present cause is peace among themselves—the cause as publicly presented but not as privately acted upon. There has been war now in some part of China for twenty years.

War All The Time

CHINA IS SO enormous, communications so poor, that war in one section does not disturb the others much. Sections take turns at war. When a warring section takes a rest a quiet section goes warring. Local generals raise armies that live off the country. They lay taxes, take "squeeze", and make fortunes. Soldiers turn bandits and then soldiers again. Army rifles make banditry easy and uniforms authorize it, under the protection of local and provincial chieftains, most of them very obscure. China has two million men under arms in various armies. War is a local enterprise rather than a matter of common defense. Some observers say that the present situation represents evolution toward unity and others that it is devolution toward disintegration. What China has to learn is national patriotism. Some say that this is eternally against Chinese nature. A Chinese thinks of himself as Chinese in relations to all foreigners but not in terms of all Chinese acting together.

Making War A Business

AND ACROSS THE China Sea are the little islands of Japan. Strange neighbors, the Chinese and Japanese. There is no danger of the Japanese not acting together. They do not have to learn patriotism. It is inborn. While China's immense strength is divided and subdivided in factions, Japan's strength is an organized unit. She has a great navy; China has none. She controls one great Chinese province. She could take others if she had a free hand. Modernization in China is in small patches, locally applied. In Japan it is nationalized.

Urgent David, Flabby Goliath

KEEPING

ARKANSAS and Wisconsin led the way when The American Legion in mid-November raced off in the finest start on a new year's membership it has ever made. Six weeks before the beginning of 1930, Commanders and Adjutants of all departments, assembled at Indianapolis in their annual conference, heard National Adjutant James F. Barton call a roll which revealed that 174,700 Legionnaires had already paid their dues for 1930. On the corresponding day of the preceding year, the paid-in-advance membership for 1929 was only 24,103.

Arkansas, out to make a record as a tribute to National Commander Bodenhamer, reported it had signed up 5,800 for the new year, as compared with its preceding year's total membership of 7,262. Its percentage of 1930 quota was 70.86. M. M. Eberts Post of Little Rock contributed 1,150 members. Wisconsin wasn't far behind Arkansas. It had signed up 72.78 percent of its 1930 quota—20,655 members, as compared with its 1929 total membership of 28,380. Twenty-four departments had signed up one-fourth or more of their total quotas. Kansas stood out with 10,500 signed up, 56 percent of its quota. Washington had 35 percent. Michigan 37 percent, North Carolina 34 percent and Texas 33 percent.

Wisconsin conducted its membership round-up with airplanes. On Armistice Day twelve planes started out from central points in each American Legion district of the State. Each plane made a circuit of its district and returned to its starting point. Then all twelve planes hopped off for Milwaukee, to deliver the cards to department headquarters. A great crowd, assembled at the Milwaukee airport, saw the twelve planes come in, one after another, all within three quarters of an hour. At the Indianapolis conference, Department Adjutant Austin A. Petersen handed National Adjutant James F. Barton Wisconsin's check for \$20,120. Forty-seven other States applauded Wisconsin.

Post Flagship

WHEN a new member walks up the gangplank into Square Post of Chicago, he has plenty of pleasant voyages ahead of him. At least that is what one gathers from a report bulletined by Post Commander H. C. Coppage, who chronicles the fact that the post has been operating its own navy. That navy, it

seems, consists of "one bridge-deck, double-cabin cruiseship, fully-equipped and luxuriously furnished, built in a famous New York shipyard and shipped by rail to Chicago, where it was christened and launched in due and ancient form."

Since its launching, Mr. Coppage maintains, the post flagship has built up a reputation for hospitality and good fellowship. It is used for cruises beyond the three-mile limit—committee meetings and caucuses and such like—and also for giving good times to disabled men from the convalescent camp maintained by the Chicago voiture of the Forty and Eight. It is also used as an instruction boat by the Jackson Park Sea Scouts.

Everybody Up!

NEXT year, perhaps, and in two or three years, most certainly, an American Legion post traveling to a department convention in one or two big airplanes won't attract much attention. But the whole town of Okanogan, Washington, lined up this fall to say goodbye when Okanogan Post's drum corps

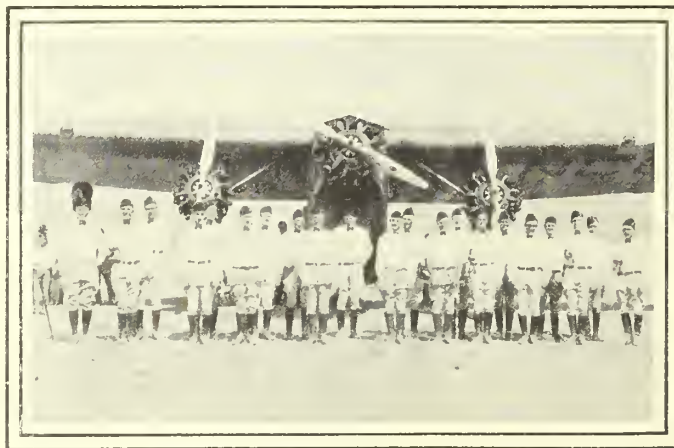
climbed into two Ford tri-motored planes and cruised away toward Yakima to attend the Washington Department's annual convention. Aerial bombs and sirens announced Okanogan's arrival at Yakima.

"The only member of Okanogan's corps who got 'mal de air' on the trip was a former member of an A. E. F. balloon outfit," reports Legionnaire Carl M. Cleveland.

Okanogan Post doesn't have anything on Victory Post of Los Angeles, California. "Amidst the blaring of horns and drums, hundreds of friends gathered to say goodbye to Victory Post's delegates as they sailed away to attend the California Department convention at San Diego," writes Otto J. Emme, Post Com-

mander. "We traveled in a tri-motored Bach plane."

Any tendency Victory Posters may have had to strut at San Diego was restrained, however, when Aviator's Post of Los Angeles showed up. For Aviator's Post came in a baby Zeppelin, a Goodyear blimp. The post's name adorned the sides of the ship in letters big enough to be read from the ground at ordinary cruising altitude. Flying experience is a requirement for membership in Aviator's Post. It now has sixty men on its rolls. When the Graf Zeppelin reached Los Angeles on its history-making round-the-world flight, Aviator's Post greeted



The age of everyday flying is here. Trains and buses were too slow for the drum corps of Okanogan (Washington) Post, so it sailed away to the department convention at Yakima in two Ford tri-motored planes



Dr. Hugo Eckener, Zeppelin commander, at a special ceremony, recalls N. M. Lyon, chairman of the post's entertainment committee, one of the organizers of the convention air trip.

Aerial Trail Blazers

THE Legion's national convention at Louisville, it will be remembered, adopted a resolution calling for pilgrimages to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Washington, D. C., by all departments of the Legion. Carle-Anderson Post of Harrison, New York, holds the honor of having anticipated this national plan two years ago. On March 31, 1928, twelve members of the Harrison post made a pilgrimage to Washington by airplane, placed a wreath upon the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and flew back to their home town. They made the round trip in three Fairchild cabin monoplanes, each plane carrying a pilot and four passengers. The 245-mile air trip required two hours and thirty-five minutes going. Returning, the planes covered the 245 very pleasant miles in two hours and fourteen minutes.

"We surely gave our home town a thrill," recalls Rosseter P. Maurice, Past Post Commander. "We recommend aerial trips to any post seeking a new activity interesting to everybody."

Flying Commander

EVERY Legionnaire in the Nineteenth District of California, round about Los Angeles, is looking forward to the day when airplanes will be as plentiful as automobiles, and each of the twenty-six posts in the district has a post aeronautics committee which does more than use post stationery. All because the District Commander during 1929 was a man especially qualified to get everybody thinking and talking about planes. He was Charles C. McGonegal. During the World War he lost both hands when an enemy hand grenade exploded while he was trying to throw it back. Despite his handicap, he handles a plane better than many flyers who have no handicap.

Last year Commander McGonegal directed a campaign to get quick action for the proper marking of towns for the guidance of flyers. The Axelson Machine Company provided a Travel-Air plane for a series of fifty-two flights under Legion auspices, two flights for each of the posts in Commander McGonegal's district. On each flight, two Legionnaires and two prominent

citizens not Legionnaires were taken up and given a view of their community from the air. Best roofs for air signs were noted and those who made the flights took the lead in the community efforts to have proper air signs painted.

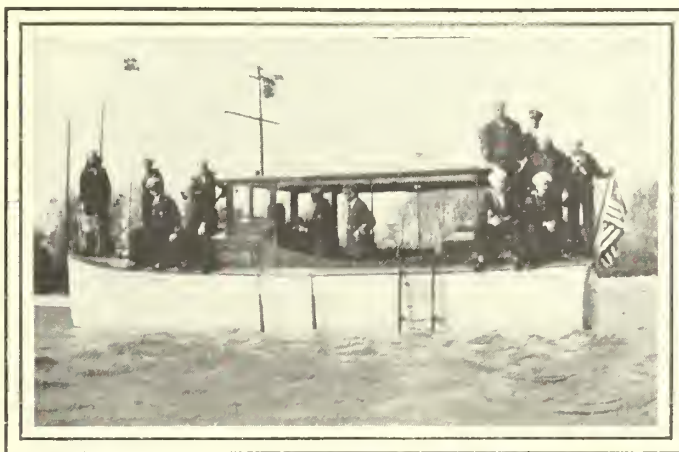
Further proof that the territory about Los Angeles is getting fully air-minded is the existence of The American Legion Aero Club composed of members of Hollywood Post.

"As I write, the club has thirty-two members," reports Don Miller, president. "It is chartered by the American Society for the Promotion of Aviation. It holds its business meetings in Hollywood Post's new clubhouse."

Pennsylvania Too

THE Pacific Coast posts aren't the only aeronautical pioneers in the Legion. In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Imhof Post conducted recently an aerial installation of post officers. Two hundred members of the post and their guests assembled at an airport, saw Post Commander Louis W. Rupp, Vice Commanders William H. Jones and Edward K. Hodges, William McK. Imhof, Post Adjutant, and the six members of the post's executive committee make flights with Norman S. Gotwals, Commander of the Fourth Pennsylvania District. Two thousand feet above the ground, the officials took the oath of office administered by Mr. Gotwals. After that, practically all members of the post made short flights. The installation program brought a huge crowd to the airport. Post members counted 910 parked automobiles. More than 150 planes were on the field.

"This event is only one of many activities in which the post has demonstrated its air-mindedness," comments Past Commander Albert E. Herrmann. "Members have been very active in the development of flying fields in the country round about Philadelphia."



"Join Square Post's Navy and see the world" might be the motto of the Chicago outfit which keeps this craft as a nautical Legion taxicab and pleasure yacht. Equally good inside or outside the three-mile limit

New Hampshire Trophy

THE New Hampshire Department of The American Legion has observed that high honors in military science are usually won at the University of New Hampshire by men who also stand high in scholarship and athletics. Recognition of that fact will be given this spring when the university's commencement

KEEPING STEP

is held, reports Frank N. Sawyer, Department Adjutant, adding that his State doesn't often win a place in Keeping Step.

"For the first time, a beautiful trophy will be awarded this spring at commencement time to the student who has the best composite record in military science, scholarship and athletics," writes Mr. Sawyer. "The trophy is mounted on a block of Concord quarried granite and has an ebony base. On the base is a scroll bearing The American Legion emblem and the terms of the award. A pair of rifles, of solid bronze, supports a plaque. Symbolical books and athletic equipment complete the design. The trophy will remain in the possession of the university. The student winning the award will be given a replica on a medal and his name will be inscribed in silver on the permanent trophy."

Indiana Mystery

AT FRANKFORT, Indiana, the members of Walter T. Cohee Post have been speculating on what happens when a set of false teeth suddenly goes A. W. O. L. from an unsuspecting pair of jaws. Cohee Post has been trying to solve The Great False Teeth Mystery since the last day of September, which was also the first day of The American Legion's national convention in Louisville.

Frankfort happens to be located on a north-and-south railroad which was one of the paths of the special trains carrying to Louisville Legionnaires from Chicago, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and upper Indiana.

"One of those trains stopped here for water," writes Legionnaire Ben E. Roger. "A lot of buddies were sticking their heads out of the open Pullman car windows, and one shouting fellow yelled so loudly that his teeth fell out. The train pulled out before he could recover them. Somebody picked the teeth up and turned them over to Past Commander C. W. Martin. He still has them and can't understand why no word has ever been received from the owner. Perhaps the loser carried a spare."

"We've had a lot of fun over this, but the fellow who lost

them possibly doesn't think it is any joke, and he would probably be glad to get them back. We'll be glad to deliver them."

The Legion at Work

BELIEVING that the annual cutting of large numbers of young evergreens for Christmas trees is opposed to a sound policy of tree conservation, Warrick Post of Boonville, Indiana, planted a large Norway spruce on the court house lawn, to serve each year as a community Christmas tree.

Other public services rendered by the post last year included junior and senior life saving tests at the municipal swimming pool and a first aid hospital at the county fair.

... James H. Teel Post acquainted everybody in its town with the things the Legion stands for by giving a community dinner. ...

Frank W. Wilkins Post of Laconia, New Hampshire, takes over the job of giving its town police and fire protection each year during the annual balls given by the police and fire departments. ... Sebastopol (California) Post each year conducts the Gravenstein Apple Show, a six-day community celebration. ... Ralph Wilson Post of Paonia, Colorado, helped liven up the winter season in its town by holding an Old Time Fiddlers Contest and awarding many prizes. ...

The old band stand in Sanborn, Iowa, was too small to accommodate the fifty-piece band of Sanborn High School, so Conway Post turned out with saws and hammers and built a new band stand.

... McKinley High School Band of Honolulu won the honor plaque offered by the Department of Hawaii in the annual American Legion Junior Band Con-

test held in connection with the 1929 membership drive. ... Rollin W. Abbott, Historian of Hartford (Wisconsin) Post, saw the labor of seven years vanish when his post's clubhouse burned during the largest fire his town had ever known. In the clubhouse were seven stacks of material, each stack four feet high, representing material Mr. Abbott had gathered for a post

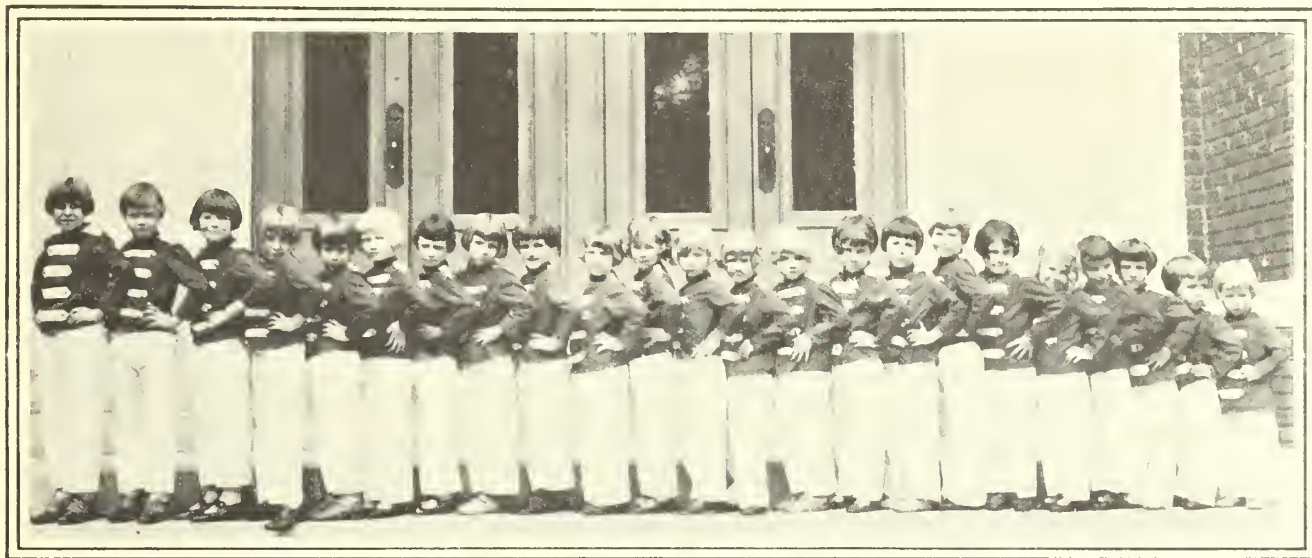


"Lindy" and "Anne," in their airplane, led the parade which marked the opening of The American Legion fair at Plymouth, New Hampshire



These Minnesota Legionnaires visited the Legion's National Headquarters in Indianapolis on their way home from the national convention at Louisville. They included St. Paul Post's drum corps, the Auxiliary band of Brainerd and the Auxiliary drum corps of Hibbing. National Adjutant James F. Barton acted as guide

K E E P I N G S T E P



The blondes and brunettes are running a close race in this outfit, The American Legion Auxiliary Kindergarten Band of Ponca City, Oklahoma. Every little girl is a member of the Ponca City Auxiliary unit. On the unit's cradle roll are a dozen other candidates for the band

and community history to be published by his post.

The first annual barbecue of John Young Post of Rural Hall, North Carolina, went over big, after Legionnaire O. T. Redwine had provided a barbecued pig weighing ninety-nine pounds. Percy G. Cross was re-elected Post Commander and started the new year by organizing a unit of the Auxiliary, looking forward, perhaps, to next autumn's barbecue. Before that, however, the post expects to dedicate a new clubhouse. . . . A million votes were cast in the annual popularity contest conducted by Binghamton (New York) Post.

At Play

CHOOSE your own sport—you can play it in the Legion.

When the appointed day for the annual golf tournament of the Seventh District of Minnesota dawned in Ortonville, it was raining hard and it kept raining all day, but eighty-five out of ninety-five Legionnaires who had qualified started and finished. Wet and hungry, they changed clothes and, one and all, made par scores at the hot dinner served by Ortonville's unit of the Auxiliary. B. J. Benfield of Morris Post won the tournament championship.

The polo team of Reville Post of Brooklyn, New York, counted as the brightest day of its 1929 season the day it beat the First Division Team of the Army at Fort Hamilton, New York, by a score of 12 to 3. Five thousand persons saw the game.

After putting on a highly-successful bridge party at a big hotel, the City Central Executive Committee of The American Legion in Kansas City conducted its first American Legion Bowling Tournament, an event in which teams from thirty-three posts took part. "We are now getting started for the 1930

tournament," reports Paul Luther, secretary of the special bowling committee. "We believe that if we can put on a tournament so conspicuously successful, the same thing can be done in other cities." Milwaukee, St. Louis, Buffalo and Philadelphia can second Mr. Luther's suggestion.

Newport (Vermont) Post transformed Lake Memphremagog into a race course and provided thrills for many thousands of visitors to its town when it held its first annual regatta, in which motor boats of all sizes and classifications took part. "There

will be another regatta in 1930," writes Post Adjutant C. C. Cummings.

Up near the Canada-North Dakota border is Hallock, Minnesota, where Leonard Norberg Post turns out solidly to root for its hockey team in the games it plays with the three Canadian teams with which it has organized a league. All Hallock supports the team, too, because the post has provided winter sport for everybody. The post bought a lumber yard and, at considerable expense, transformed it into a skating rink. Curling ranks with hockey as a major winter sport in the town.

Virginia, Minnesota, is up near the Canadian border also. It got excited last March when J. Burt Pratt Post's hockey team beat its nearest Canadian com-

petitor in the final game of the Arrowhead Hockey League and won the league championship. "We are still pioneering in the sport here but we are in it to stay," comments Legionnaire A. E. Johnson.

Coeymans, New York, along the Hudson, doesn't have winter weather as cold as that in Minnesota, and skating on thin ice in the river is a danger to the children of the town. Coeymans Post earned the gratitude of all (Continued on page 34)



A few years hence you may drive down to work in the morning in a contraption like this baby Zeppelin in which Aviator's Post of Los Angeles traveled to the California department convention at San Diego

OLD GOLD sweeps when 27,058 "vets" decide



"TELL IT TO THE MARINES!" This time the Marines told us. Veteran regulars from New Jersey Post No. 123 take the measure of the four leading cigarettes.



ONE OF THE "TESTING SHOPS" where the legionnaires came to compare the four cigarettes and give their votes to the Certified Public Accountants in charge.



FORTY HOMMES AND FOUR CIGARETTES—but when members of Voiture 29, Cincinnati Post of the "40 and 8" counted their votes it was found that OLD GOLD had won by a walkaway.

HOW THEY VOTED

OLD GOLD	9,479
Brand "X"	6,381
Brand "Y"	5,765
Brand "Z"	5,433
Total	27,058

Test conducted and audited by

Karola S. Barnes

(Raleigh, N. C.)

Certified Public Accountant

Better Tobaccos make them SMOOTHER and

the Boards at Louisville which cigarette is best

Legionnaires from every-
where—at National Convention—
give OLD GOLD Landslide Victory

*Certified Public Accountants conduct
test of four leading brands*

“There isn’t much use in *my* making this test, buddy. I’ve been smoking my present brand ever since I was a rookie. It’s all jake with me.”

So they said to the Certified Public Accountants in charge of the “Concealed Name” cigarette test at Louisville.

“Fair enough,” said the “C. P. As.” “Try it anyway—you may be surprised” . . . and 27,058 legionnaires from almost every post in existence puffed and compared the four leading fags with the names concealed.

It was a fair field and no favor. OLD GOLD smokers took the test right along with the partisans of Brands “X”, “Y”, and “Z”. And the OLD GOLD enthusiast had as much chance to put his brand to the test as anyone else.

Yet see what happened. OLD GOLD was chosen as the best not only by its own corps of boosters but by *thousands of smokers of each of the other brands!* OLD GOLD swamped the vote . . . swept the boards clean with an overwhelming victory (see the box score at the left).

But maybe even the verdict of 27,058 legionnaires isn’t proof that “O. G.” is the cigarette *for you*. What does *your own* taste say? If you missed the test at Louisville, make it yourself by concealing the names of the four leading brands . . . smoking them . . . and choosing the best. Maybe OLD GOLD will win. Maybe not. But *you* win—by finding out which smoke you really prefer.



IT “BEATS THE BAND” how much difference there really is when you compare the four smokes, names unseen. This group shows members of the Mason City Iowa Band (Post 101).

BETTER . . . “not a cough in a carload”

K E E P I N G S T E P

fathers and mothers in the town by establishing a skating rink on a vacant lot adjoining the high school building.

Present!

ON A Sunday morning, in April of 1861, a company of boys who had been dancing most of the night before at the Sawyer House marched away from Stillwater, Minnesota, in response to Lincoln's call for ninety-day volunteers. Before the ninety days were up these boys had been through the Battle of Bull Run. They did not get home until 1865.

The years rolled by and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bull Run, July 21st, 1886, thirty-four surviving members of Company B, First Minnesota Infantry, held a reunion and banquet, and out of that meeting came the Last Man Club. The thirty-four pledged themselves to reassemble each July 21st until but one of their number should remain. He, the Last Man, should break the seal on a bottle of burgundy, which formed a part of the refreshments at the meeting in 1886, drink a toast to the memory of his departed comrades and bring the club formally to an end.

Year after year the meetings were held, and year after year time did its work. Still, thirty-four places were always set at the banquet table, either to be occupied by the living or draped in black in memory of the dead. In 1926 at the fortieth meeting of the club there were only four members left. They voted to change the by-laws of the club and open the burgundy the next year, drink the toast and "break ranks."

In 1927 three veterans sat down and faced thirty-one crepe-draped chairs. The oldest one, Peter Hall, the president of the club, was 89, and the youngest, John S. Goff, the secretary and treasurer, was 84. Vice President Charles M. Lockwood was 88. For the first time the public was admitted to a meeting of the Last Man Club. The Governor of Minnesota, the members of Stillwater Post of The American Legion and five hundred others looked on as Mr. Hall drew the cork on the famous bottle of burgundy and filled the three glasses, which were raised in honor of the comrades who had gone before—a touching ceremonial and a powerful sermon on soldier comradeship.

When the anniversary of the dinner arrived last year, Mr. Hall, Mr. Goff and Mr. Lockwood exchanged greetings but, much to their regret, were unable to get together for any sort of ceremony. Mr. Hall was living in Atwater, Minnesota, Mr. Lockwood in Chamberlain, South Dakota, and Mr. Goff in St. Paul. On August 27, 1929, death again invaded the ranks of the club, taking Mr. Goff at the age of 86. Stillwater Post's colors were carried at his funeral.

"On next July 21st, when Mr. Hall and Mr. Lockwood exchange their annual greetings, Stillwater Post will, as usual, extend to them its heartiest wishes for many more returns of the day," writes Post Commander L. B. Kolliner.

January 1st to July 4th

ANY post in the California Department—or in any department, for that matter—that wants to bust a New Year's Day record might consider trying to beat what Karl Ross Post of Stockton, California, did on January 1, 1929. When that day came, Karl Ross Post submitted to Department Headquarters a check for 773 paid-up members for the new year.

"It was the largest single check for post membership the department had ever received," relates Ross Poster Charles H. Epperson. "There may be other posts which have equaled or beaten our record, but I wonder how many of them there are. By May our enrollment had grown to 1,200. Incidentally, Karl Ross Post has its clubroom in Stockton's new Memorial Auditorium which cost \$650,000. Attendance at meetings averages over 600. One reason everybody turns out for meetings is that we make them snappy. No long, tiresome and disturbing discussions. The post executive committee meets every Thursday noon and handles practically all the post's business. It does it so well that there is seldom necessity for long discussions when its reports are presented to the post for approval. Another reason we get everybody out is our attendance prize system. Each member contributes ten cents at each meeting. Cash prizes of \$50 each—sometimes as many as four at a single meeting—are awarded.

"An unusual activity during the year was the building of a model house at a cost of \$8,500. It was awarded as a door prize at a dance given as the final event of our three-day celebration of the Fourth of July."

Oregon's Honor Roll

DEDICATED to the memory of the seventy-two men of Oregon State University who gave their lives in the World War, a magnificent new building of Georgian architecture stands upon the campus of the university at Corvallis, Oregon, while students and alumni alike recall the dedication ceremonies in which an American Legion post and prominent Legionnaires had leading parts.

Withycombe Post of Corvallis joined with the college in the ceremonies and Post Commander H. Lester Barrett had charge of the arrangements for seating the huge crowd that attended the event. Legionnaire Edward C. Allworth, 1916 graduate, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, had general charge of the ceremonies, as manager-secretary of the Memorial Union and alumni

secretary of the college. The building was made possible by the work of World War service men who attended the university immediately after the war. It cost \$625,000. It is the center for all student activities.

The most impressive moment of the dedication came when Major General U. G. McAlexander, Past Commander of the Oregon Department of The American Legion, called the roll of the dead.

"It seemed that each of the thousands present was straining expectantly to hear the men whose names were called answering the call," writes Legionnaire Loring G. Hudson, alumni editor.

Alaska Keeps Pace

ANYBODY who has the idea that winter in Alaska consists of one night six months long and that Alaska Legionnaires, with other citizens of their territory, avoid night work is hereby disillusioned.

"Winter is a busy season here," reports J. A. Talbot of Ketchikan Post. "As proof, we cite our post's custom of starting each new year right. On New Year's Day of 1929 twenty members of the post assembled wearing Legion caps. In a body we proceeded to call upon all Legionnaires in town, stopped at each house long enough to extend the holiday's greetings, to have some refreshments, perhaps, and to get a sincere promise that Mr. Legionnaire householder would certainly attend the



Stillwater (Minnesota) Post stood by while the Last Man Club of a Civil War company held its final reunion, attended by Charles Lockwood, 87, John S. Goff, 86, and Peter Hall, 91. Mr. Goff (center) has since died

K E E P I N G S T E P

post's next meeting. We had forty in the party when it ended."

Incidentally, aviation has brought the rest of the United States much closer to Ketchikan than it was in the days of Alaska pioneers. Last year, Ketchikan Post's aviation committee succeeded in procuring establishment of air-mail and passenger service between its town and Seattle, according to Post Commander A. E. Carnes.

"On the first trip south, the big plane of the Gorst Air Transport Company carried Karl Berg, a 79-year-old citizen of Ketchikan," adds Mr. Carnes. "He thought nothing of starting at his age on an air trip to Chicago and other points. The post presented him with an Alaskan flag as a token of good luck."

Ketchikan Post's Auxiliary unit demonstrated community service during 1929 by holding two baby clinics at which 132 children were examined by physicians. Mrs. Blanche McGilivray, Unit President, reports that twelve silver cups were awarded to babies obtaining the highest ratings.

To the Nation

A WHOLE nation learned on Armistice Day of the Legion's overwhelming interest in world peace and national defense. Radio loud-speakers in every town in the United States simultaneously echoed the assuring message on this country's international relations spoken by President Herbert Hoover at a mass meeting held under American Legion auspices in Washington on the night of November 11th. The same loud-speakers gave to millions of hearers National Commander Bodenhamer's address pledging the Legion's support to the principles of peace with naval parity and the need for the maintenance of adequate defense while statesmen are striving for a solution of the world's most puzzling problems. Past National Commander Paul V. McNutt introduced the speakers.

Battle Orders

A FEW days after he spoke at The American Legion Armistice Day meeting in Washington, National Commander Bodenhamer welcomed the Legion's National Executive Committee in Indianapolis, assembled in its first meeting to draw up battle orders for 1930. At this meeting and at the conference of Commanders and Adjutants and the meeting of the Legion's

National Americanism Commission, all held within the period of a week, plans were prepared for activities which will engage the attention of 10,000 American Legion posts and the organization's national committees. By the time this is read, the decisions reached at Indianapolis and the plans there drawn up will have been made known to posts in all departments.

The National Executive Committee fixed September 22d to 25th as the period for the 1930 national convention to be held in Boston. It directed the National Legislative Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee to use every effort to obtain enactments of twelve amendments to the World War Veterans Act, to obtain adoption of two separate programs for hospital construction to provide a total of more than 10,000 new beds, to procure the consolidation of the Veterans Bureau, Pension Bureau and the National Soldiers' Homes, to win the right of retirement after twenty-five years of service for enlisted men and to obtain passage of the Reed-Wainwright Resolution calling for the creation of a committee to consider the proposed universal draft legislation.

The National Executive Committee approved a plan drawn up by the National Americanism Commission calling upon all posts to engage in five major activities. The first of these is the promotion of education through participation in American Education Week and by offering American Legion medals for scholarship and character. The second is the organization of emergency relief units to function under state emergency relief councils. The third activity is junior baseball, the fourth is community betterment projects and the fifth is "strict enforcement of all laws relating to immigration."

The Roll Call

LEONARD H. NASON, known to every reader of the Monthly, was an active member of Paris Post during his long after-the-war stay in France. He was one of the founders of Moses Taylor Post of Northfield, Vermont, and attended the St. Louis Caucus . . . Douglas A. Gillespie is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Karl W. Detzer belongs to Bowen-Holliday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Philip Von Blon is a member of Wyandot Post of Upper Sandusky, Ohio . . . Frederick Palmer is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

RIGHT GUIDE



Typical of hundreds of Christmas parties given by American Legion posts in 1929 was this party held in the preceding year by Silver Butte Post of Butte, Montana. The post gave a present to every boy and girl who turned out to help greet Santa Claus under the big tree decorated by the Legionnaires

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Tip Bliss



GREETINGS!

*Here's hoping you all draw something purty,
Now that we enter on Nineteen Thirty.*

Now a machine has been invented which will perform all sorts of office work at once and is intended to take the place of stenographers, bookkeepers, secretaries and the rest of the human element. But we suppose it will not be any time at all before some suspicious wife will be asking: "John, where did you get that blonde typewriter key on your coat lapel?"

"Two members of the Coolidge sub-cabinet—William Joseph Donovan and Henry Herrick Bond—lately formed a law firm in Washington. They called the partnership Donovan & Bond."—*Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine.*

Ingenious cusses, these sub-cabinet members—ordinary people would have called the firm Funk & Wagnalls or Baltimore & Ohio or something like that.

SILVER LINING

*Now January's days are here;
We're glad they come but once—
The only time throughout the year
We've bills to pay twelve mont's.*

AND THAT'S ALL THE GOOD IT DOES US

A book entitled "The Dissenting Opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes" has appeared on the literary market, barely beating a Little Thing of Our Own to it. Among our projected topics, now abandoned for good and all, were:

(To the telephone company)—Look here, you've charged me with a call to Hackenschmidt 2020. I don't know anybody in Hackenschmidt.

(To the Income Tax Bureau)—Well, maybe, but you needn't be so tight. I didn't deduct anything for donations, did I?

(To the little woman)—But what happened to the money I gave you week before last?

(To the landlord)—Now, that spot on the ceiling—oh, all right!

(To all comers)—Oh, I thought you said you could open on any pair.

"Well," said the young man who had for half an hour been the solitary keeper of a date "right by the registry desk" of the Grand Elegant Imperial Hotel, "I'm sort of in sympathy with these birds they're accusing of lobbying."

All this talk of naval agreement leaves us cold. The only unanimous naval agreement we ever heard which affected us personally was back in transport days, and went: "You can't stand there, soldier."

"Under Premier Primo de Rivera's policy of assisting workmen with large families any parent of as many as eight children is eligible to a Government benefit ranging from fifty to several hundred pesetas (the peseta is quoted at 14¼ cents)."—*A. P. dispatch from Madrid.*

Add get-poor-quick schemes.

*"Cash Rewards for Families—Fifty Just to Preface It!"—
Along came another babe, and then there was a deficit.*

The breathing-space between political campaigns is scarcely more than a gasp, or at best a gasp and two pants, and a forward-looking as to the paramount issue in the next one reveals that what this country really needs is what the office holders think the

majority of their voting constituents think is what this country really needs.

"—and four days in Paris itself, with accommodations at the splendid new Hotel Ambassador—all free!"—*From an announcement of a newspaper competition.*

Word of advice to veterans' children: Ask Dad—he knows.

*It's easy to laugh and be happy
When the radio's giving good songs,
But the man worth while is the man who can smile
When it sounds like a war between Tongs.*

"Talkies Seen as Aid to Sense of Humor."—*Headline.*

Absolutely. "Came the dawn" would sound even sillier than it used to look.

GENT'S SHOPPING LIST

*These are the items that he jots down,
As he more or less blithely goes to town:*

Goldfish food—some collars and socks—
New vacuum cleaner—Junior's blocks—
Radio tubes—and a ball of twine—
Call up the Smiths and invite them to dine—
Razor blades—camera—wax for the floor—
Stop at the grocer's—and many more.

*Those are the items, and what he gets
Are the Daily Screech and some cigarettes.*

"Porters (2), colored; elevator fireman, anything; best references. Community Church; HARlem 4832."—*Situations Wanted ad in the New York World.*

The darned chameleon!

Bare legs will no longer be tolerated, the fashion experts advise us.

Woman's place is in the hose.

One Moses Feingold, a Warsaw beggar, went insane when he was notified that a brother in America had left him a million dollars. Which may be an explanation of why some of the high-priced movie stars act the way they do.

We now learn that the new small-size currency has been changed in design. Any change along those lines will be appreciated, it having become clear to us that the previous design was to keep it out of circulation.



"The big black figure of the number of the issuing Federal Reserve Bank, because of its density, is the most prominent figure on the note," the announcement continues. "This has led to confusion and losses by some handlers of this new currency."

We admit the confusion and are glad to learn the cause. Until now we had thought the losses to the handlers to be due to inability to fill a straight in the middle.

Out in Wandlitz, Germany, the water level of Sahmer Lake sank, revealing a settlement of pile dwellings one thousand years old.

They would listen to the real estate development salesmen without going to see for themselves, would they!

THEN AND NOW

Statue Honors Doughboys—War Book Returned Home—Convention Reunion of War Brides?—S. O. S. from Disabled Buddies—Army-Navy Veteran of One War

SELDOM does it happen that a monument is erected in honor of a man who is still living. That recognition is usually withheld until the man is among the immortals, although there are a few such honored persons able to enjoy the sculptured praise of their fellowmen.

But how many know of the statue erected in Germany to an American doughboy while he was still in service in the Occupied Area following the Armistice? Granted that the statue was only temporary, but visual proof of it is shown on this page. The doughboy is Jack R. C. Cann, editor of the *Legion News*, official publication of the Wayne County Council of the Legion, headquarters in Detroit, who was a private "senior grade" with Evacuation Hospital No. 13 and editor of the hospital's *Daily Zig-Zag*. This latter paper was published "with the aid of Y. M. C. A. paper and a fountain pen."

Without further introduction, here's the story of the pictured statue:

Some of the gang in the editorial department of the *Amaroc News*, the daily published for the American Forces in Germany during the summer of 1919, took note of the multiplicity of busts and statues scattered over the German landscape, honoring particularly victors in previous military campaigns staged in the Rhineland. There was, however, none to the private soldier and there was none to the victorious Americans.

While Jack R. C. Cann, then sporting editor of the *Amaroc News*, was walking back from a favorite wine garden in Horschheim, across the Rhine from Coblenz, accompanied by Ray Chapin, his assistant, a vacant pedestal was observed beside the road in Horschheim. Cann climbed the pedestal and posed in heroic role while Chapin snapped the picture. A passing German burgher turned surprised eyes on the never-to-be-understood antics of the Amerikanischers.

Plenty of times this picture has been displayed to veterans of the A. F. G. as the only statue ever erected to a private American soldier in the German Rhineland, only to be met by the statement that they had "never heard of it."

Cann reports that Ray Chapin hailed from Akron, Ohio, and he wonders "where the long-geared boy is hanging out now."

THE Unofficially Alive Veterans Club gains its first feminine member in the person of Legionnaire Elizabeth C. MacDonald, Arthur L. Peterson Post, Long Beach, California. Eligibility qualifications as offered by Miss MacDonald are:

"I served as a nurse with Base Hospital Unit No. 35 of Los Angeles, California, which was on duty at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama, and in the summer of 1918 transferred to Hospital Center 780 at Mars-sur-Allier, France.

"In October, 1918, my relatives in Prince Edward Island, Canada, received official notice of my death of disease. Later my ten-thousand-dollar war risk insurance certificate was

forwarded for their signatures. A letter of condolence also went to them. Record of memorial services and a gold star came from my training school, Elliot City Hospital at Keene, New Hampshire. My obituary was published in the *Press Telegram* and a copy forwarded to France, also newspaper clippings from Long Beach, California. I have all these records.

"Another Miss MacDonald from Pasadena, California, who served in our unit, had passed away and on Easter Sunday, April 25, 1919, we stood beside Miss MacDonald's grave in the cemetery just below the hospital. The following Tuesday we left for our homes in the States."

Confused reports following battles are understandable. But it is interesting to know of the number of very-much-alive Legionnaires who can now display their own death certificates. Their presence is appreciated, but think of the distress of their relatives when the erroneous official reports were received.



When the former enemy failed to produce, Jack R. C. Cann, now of Detroit, arranged to honor the Americans with a statue—the only one to an American doughboy in the German Rhineland. The how and why of it is related on this page

OUR Souvenirs-Returned-to-Owners Department has, we must admit, rendered some commendable service through the co-operation of readers of Then and Now and of the Government bureaus and departments where service records are stored. Quite a large percentage of this work is carried out through correspondence, and space conditions prevent us from reporting all of the interesting recoveries.

A majority of the souvenirs, necessarily, have been returned to veterans. Here, however, is a case reported by Legionnaire J. F. Bolger of Chicago, Illinois, in which a civilian was the gainer:

"A young woman attending the University of Indiana, having finished reading a book, 'The Four Million,' by O. Henry, delivered it into the hands of the Y. The Y started the book on a mission, the end of which was beyond the imagination of any human mind. Its journey proved a circuitous one because the young woman did not relinquish ownership entirely but desired merely to help others while away burdensome hours by letting them enjoy O. Henry's vivid narrations.

"That was 'way back in 1917. I know it was, for the thoughtful and patriotic young lady had an inscription in the book that read: 'When the war is over, please return this book to Miss Bonnie Goodrich, Vine Street, Westerville, Ohio.'

"Of course, the war is over—that is, for the more fortunate of us who are not confined to hospitals. It's better than eleven years since November 11, 1918. Miss Goodrich may have expected that her book might soon come home. But it didn't.

"I picked up that book at a spot along the Meuse called Montigny-le-Roi. The 26th Division knows about that place high up on a peak—Rest Camp, hospitals and so on. I had read the stories long before, but when coming away, the book came too. It was borrowed around at Chaumont, Tours, Blois and the camps and hospitals in and around Nantes. I regained

THE N and NOW

possession in June, 1919, and intended mailing the book to its owner as soon as I got home, late in the summer of 1919.

"To make a few scratches of the pen cover the interim of eleven years, I ran across the book last February and made an honest endeavor to return it to its owner. A letter to the owner went unanswered. The book, which had been well decorated with pictures of the conflict and France, remained in my library.

"Time went on and a short time ago I received a letter from the then Miss Bonnie Goodrich, the now Mrs. Bonnie Dean of Columbus, Ohio. When the book reached her, she wrote that she 'considered the book much more valuable now because of its history.'

"Nothing so strange about this story. There were thousands of books put into circulation in the Army and Navy during the War, yet I doubt if any has been around for more than twelve years and then found its way home."

YOU will recall the difficulty we had in getting the ex-gobs stirred up to contribute material to these columns and how they finally came across? Well, one ex-gob, Earl D. Fisher of Gladstone, Michigan, isn't satisfied yet as he writes:

"I surely enjoy the Monthly—my only complaint being that there isn't enough Navy stuff in it. I am up here in northern Michigan in the woods hoping against hope to beat T. B.

"While I am writing this, I might report: Dayton (Ohio) Post of the Legion is a real post. The members surely were good to me while I was laid up there.

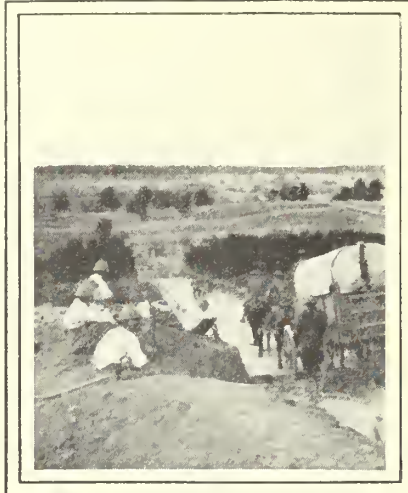
"During the war I served on the U. S. S. *Mississippi* and did a lot of entertainment work throughout the fleet—going by the name of 'Fish Fisher'. My stunt was blackface and besides appearing in about every smoker on the old *Missy*, also visited nearly all of the other ships in the fleet. Self praise won't go, but everyone seemed to like my brand of nonsense.

"I'd certainly like to hear from some of the old shipmates, including our chaplain, Frank L. Lash, Stack of Milwaukee, Walsh of New York, Lieutenant Williams, and others.

"Enclosed is a picture taken when we were on shore leave in

Port of Spain, Trinidad, in December, 1918. A few of us from the *Missy* and some from the *Pennsylvania* got a little salty one afternoon, stole a street car and took a joy-ride. Too much red liquor and sun don't mix."

Fisher enclosed a couple of copies of *The Bayou*, ship's publication of the *Mississippi*, which were mighty interesting. He also permitted us to see a letter of commendation for his fine entertainment work, signed by Chaplain Lash, who was also Amusement Officer on his ship. How many of his former audiences remember "Fish"?



T. P. Johns of Stanwood, Washington, wonders how many men of Battery E, 18th Field Artillery, remember crossing the Marne at Gland on July 23, 1918. A detail wagon is seen approaching the pontoon bridge

SINCE the reproduction in the July Monthly of the picture of a group of French war brides and their A. E. F. husbands, we have enlisted quite a few French and British war brides in our Then and Now Gang. We even had a report from the ex-soldier husband of a German bride.

Interest in this subject was increased by the letter from Mrs. Peter I. Bukowski in the September issue, telling of the Chicago British War Brides' Club in Chicago. Now comes a suggestion from an ex-British W. A. A. C., happily married in this country, that a reunion of war brides be held in conjunction with the 1930 national convention of the Legion in Boston. It's worth consideration.

Mrs. Topsy Culver of Fresno, California, is recognized and given the floor:

"As to whether inter-Allied marriages 'stick' or not I can only say that in this town we have six French-American unions, two German-American and my own British-American marriage, all of which have nobly stood the strain of ten years of wedded life and show every sign of continuing successfully.

"Most of the girls belong to the local Auxiliary unit and practically all of us are active members. One of our French brides is now a widow, but has become so Americanized that she is remaining in this country in preference to returning to her native land. She says that she wishes to bring up her two little sons to be as good Americans as their father was.

"I see that some of the girls are asking who came over on the *Plattsburg* in 1919. I did. Are there any more? Also, what has



*The main stem, Port of Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies — is the way ex-gob Earl D. Fisher describes the above picture, taken when the crew of the U. S. S. *Mississippi* had shore leave there during the War. He calls attention to the American flags and the fact that street cars were available in this port*

THE N and NOW

happened to all of the girls who served with me in the British W. A. A. C. unit that was attached to the American Central Records Office at Bourges, France? I would like particularly to locate Mrs. Hal Trefrey who settled somewhere near Boston. Also there was one who married a man named Kastl. We have moved so much that I have lost touch with all the old gang.

"I have watched your columns with much interest but so far have failed to see any mention made among the old A. E. F. show outfits of the famous play that we put on in Bourges. We had the edge on most of the camp talent shows since we had plenty of real girls for our feminine parts. And you should have seen our chorus—harem scenes and all! I have mislaid all of my pictures of the show, but am sure that some surviving members of the cast could supply them."

Then Mrs. Culver goes on to say that some of the girls will probably not know her by that name as she was married in England after obtaining her discharge from service, but all will no doubt remember "Topsy Quinn." Her letter goes on to say:

"I do not know how far this suggestion will get but I would like to know how many of the war brides, and particularly girls of our old outfit now in the States, would be interested in holding a reunion at the Legion national convention in 1930. Many of us surely attend these conventions and I can think of no better place in which to gather and tell about the things that have happened to us during the past ten years."

So there we go on record with one of the first reunions to be suggested in conjunction with the 1930 Legion convention. Until some Boston war brides take over the job, the Company Clerk will be glad to receive comments and to list all those war brides who might be interested in such a project.

MERRY Xmas and Happy New Year" reads the sign at the rear of the hospital ward pictured on this page. The photograph was taken at Christmas time, 1918. We wonder how many of the boys who enjoyed that party in 1918 celebrated the holidays which have just passed?

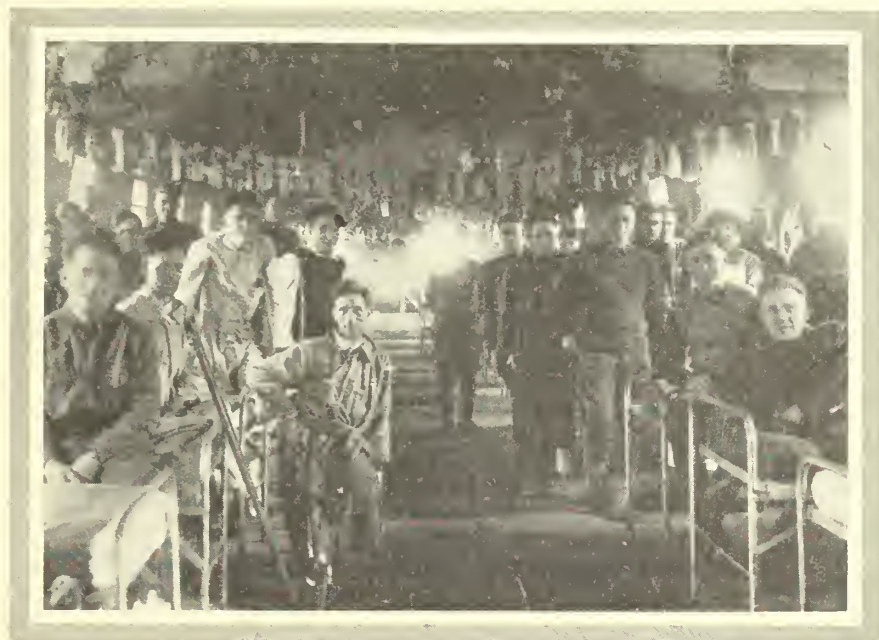
The picture came from Milton K. Thorp, American Legion Monthly Liaison Officer of Blue Ridge Post of Hackettstown, New Jersey. He tells us:

"When the enclosed picture was taken, I was one of the wounded soldiers in Evacuation Hospital No. 24, located at Mesves, France. The picture was taken the day after Christmas, 1918, by the French photographer of the village.

"I was then a buck private of Company I, 312th Infantry, and am the third man from the left of the group, standing with

the aid of crutches. Who of the Then and Now Gang can name the nurse and the lieutenant, at her right, or any of the other patients?"

"As will be noted from the Christmas decorations, the Yuletide spirit was indeed prevalent; the rafters hung with mistletoe, and paper streamers about the ward. In one end was a Christmas tree decorated with paper chains and lanterns made by the celebrants."



How many of these wounded American soldiers recall the Christmas party in Evacuation Hospital No. 24, Mesves, France, in 1918? Milton K. Thorp, 312th Infantry, is the man third from the left, supported by crutches

of his three accusations should be accepted by the editors who conduct other departments in the Monthly. But we'll let you read it, as is, together with his suggestion for a new organization within the all-embracing Then and Now Gang:

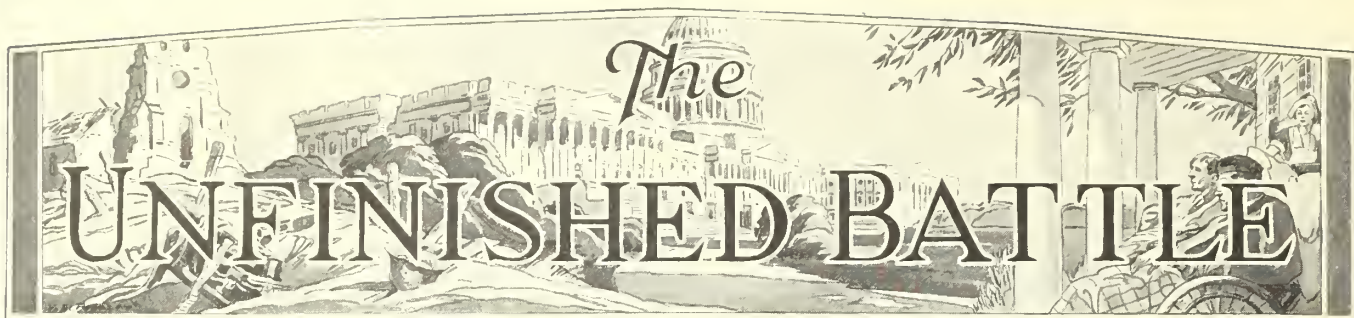
"Noticing your weakness for starting 'clubs' of those who have unusual qualifications such as reading the 'Ups and Downs of the Roman Empire' (*Message Center*), the 'most twins in one post' (*Keeping Step*), the 'regimental pets,' and so on, I thought you might like a line from a charter member—No. 1, I believe—of the 'Army and Navy Service in One War Club.' [The italics are ours.—C. C.]

"Here's the how of it: I enlisted as a coxswain in the U. S. N. R. F. in Philadelphia on March 24, 1917, and was called into active service on April 8, 1917. I served on U. S. T. B. D. *Downes* No. 45 and later at Cape May Section Base; on U. S. S. P. No. 83, *Georgiana III*, and U. S. S. P. No. 544, *Seagull*; also as instructor at Pelham Bay Training Station, New York, and at Bensonhurst Section Base. In January, 1918, I passed examinations for a commission but was refused one on account of having to wear glasses. This resulted in my receiving a 'physical disability discharge' on March 5, 1918.

"Upon returning to Philadelphia I had to report to my local draft board for registration and after being called and deferred several times on account of the influenza epidemic, I was again inducted into military service at Camp Dix, New Jersey, as a private in Company 47, 12th Battalion, 153d Depot Brigade, on November 7, 1918. While there I worked in the canteen in front of the Liberty Theater and later assisted in discharging men of the Tank Corps brought from Gettysburg, Penn- (Continued on page 41)



The Marines have landed. Colors of the Sixth Regiment at St. Nazaire, November 1, 1917. Any buddy know what happened to this leatherneck quartette?



THE National Executive Committee at its November meeting instructed the National Legislative Committee to seek from Congress amendments to the World War Veterans Act covering the following subjects:

Dependency pay increases for helpless men; full insurance coverage for men who have made recoveries after receiving insurance payments for total and permanent disability; standard insurance for disabled men who are uninsurable under existing legislation, elimination of time limit for insurance suits; an amendment to make awards for arrested tuberculosis operative regardless of other disability awards; dependency compensation in cases of permanent disability; the extension of the presumptive provisions, now applying only to tuberculosis and mental and nervous diseases, to chronic, constitutional diseases; an amendment to establish the principle that an application for disability compensation be deemed an application for all available benefits; the repeal of Sections 206 and 209 of the Act.

The National Executive Committee directed that the Rogers Bill calling for 3,676 new hospital beds shall be given first and immediate consideration in presenting the Legion's recommendations to Congress, but that 6,450 new beds, in addition to those called for in the Rogers Bill, shall also be sought.

THE New York Department of The American Legion won a double victory for disabled service men in the November election when voters of the State adopted two amendments to the state constitution. The first gave to World War disabled men preference in civil service. The second gave disabled service men in hospitals far removed from their homes the right to register and vote. Both amendments carried by liberal margins.

WORLD War veterans having disabilities believed acquired in service have been urged to file claims at once if they have not already filed them. The Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee points to the provision of law permitting the director of the Veterans Bureau to extend time for receiving disability claims to April 6, 1930, but reminds everybody that often it is necessary to submit affidavits in proof of claim and these also must be filed before April 6, 1930.

WASHINGTON hospitals of the Veterans Bureau are crowded to capacity and the National Rehabilitation Committee warns service men wishing to be admitted to a hospital to make application to the nearest regional office of the Bureau. Hospitals in all sections are crowded, but Watson B. Miller, committee chairman, advises that men stand as good chances of early admission near home as in Washington. Regional offices in many cases have waiting lists but do everything possible to expedite admittance, especially in emergency cases.

UNCLE SAM is to pay as dividends on Government life insurance \$1,050,000 more in 1930 than he paid in 1929. The Veterans Bureau recently announced dividend payments for the new year would be \$7,300,000. An appreciable gain in number of holders of Government policies was made in 1929 after a systematic insurance campaign was begun under the auspices of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. In this campaign, Watson B. Miller, chairman of the committee, appealed personally to heads of corporations throughout the United States for help in calling to the attention of service men employed by these corporations the unusually low premiums and other advantages of Government insurance. Mr. Miller also succeeded in bringing the

advantages of Government insurance to the attention of the large numbers of World War service men in police and fire departments throughout the country. Street car companies in many cities co-operated with the committee by placing posters in all their cars. Holders of government policies numbered 649,187 on October 31st.

LAST call on applications for adjusted compensation! Unless Congress has amended the law between the time this is written and the time it appears in print, January 2, 1930, is the final date for applying for adjusted compensation. Many Legion posts within the past few months have checked up on their members to make sure all are holding adjusted service certificates, which are in effect paid-up 20-year-endowment insurance policies. Such a policy, bought at regular premiums from a private insurance company, would cost \$40 a year or more in premiums for each \$1,000 of face value.

IN 1929 The American Legion succeeded in obtaining the enactment of child welfare laws in twenty-three of the forty-four States in which legislatures held sessions, according to figures announced by Miss Emma C. Puschner, director of the National Child Welfare Division. Miss Puschner also announced that The American Legion has been given notable recognition by appointment of Legion representatives to important committees of the third annual White House Conference on Child Health and Protection which will be held in 1930.

WHEN the national convention of The American Legion at Louisville adopted a resolution favoring payment of compensation in lieu of hospital treatment to certain service men fighting in their own homes to recover from tuberculosis, Matthews-Killeen Post of Saranac Lake felt repaid for the long effort it has made to gain recognition for this principle.

"This post is composed entirely of service men undergoing treatment for tuberculosis," writes Post Commander Gregory M. Powers. "Our hospital conditions here are of the best, but we have long contended that under certain conditions it is more advantageous for men to be given the right to carry on the fight outside a sanitarium. Properly safeguarded, this right, if conceded by Congress, will bring new strength, comfort and hope to many."

SERVICE men filing claims with the Veterans Bureau or transacting other affairs requiring proof of service in the Army or Navy are often greatly handicapped when they are unable to find quickly their final discharge papers. In twenty-one States or more, no service man need risk the loss of these valuable papers which he may require on short notice. County recorders or corresponding offices of record in twenty-one States are required by law to make records of the discharge papers of World War veterans, according to statistics on state legislation compiled by the Legion's National Legislative Committee. Recording is free in most States, although in some a nominal charge, usually twenty-five cents, is made. Upon request, a veteran may obtain a copy of his recorded certificate at any time.

Certificates in lieu of lost or destroyed discharge certificates may be obtained from the Adjutant General of the Army, the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department or the Commandant of the United States Marine Corps. Special forms are provided for use in making applications.

Discharge papers should be guarded as carefully as a will. When needed, they usually are needed urgently.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 39)

sylvania. On December 4, 1918, I was discharged.

"I have both my discharge certificates and so can substantiate my statements. Are there any other men who served in two separate branches of the service during the World War period? If so, I'd like to hear their stories."

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

FLEAHER, Harrison. Served at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky. Affidavit needed to support claim.
DUMONT, Jerome. 127th Inf. Died in Government Hospital, Palo Alto, Calif., Jan. 23, 1920. Anyone who served with him or remembers him in the hospital.

81ST CO., SIXTH REG., U. S. MARINE CORPS. Former members remembering Robert A. DAVIS, MOBILE HOSPITAL NO. 39. Former members remembering John STARCOS and his treatment for bronchial ailment while in service.

DEBLASIS, Antonio, Pvt., Seventh Co., 154 D. B. Born in Italy, Oct. 15, 1888. Address at discharge, 61 Broad st., Oneonta, New York. Pre-war occupation, barber. Presumed to be dead. If so, parents entitled to Government benefits. Any information available wanted.

MEREDITH, Gus Marvin. Missing since Dec. 12, 1918. Parents endeavoring to collect Government Insurance. Description: medium light hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, weight 140 pounds, age about 33.

WINFIELD, George. Enlisted as Arthur WAID. Shell-shocked veteran missing from Wichita, Kansas, since June, 1929. Formerly lived in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. About 40 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. tall. Has pronounced habit of talking to self and of making peculiar motions with hands similar to throwing dice. May be washing dishes in cafe or selling newspapers. Compensation checks are accumulating for him.

TIMELY notices of reunions follow. Additional notices will appear in subsequent issues of the Monthly:

109TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at the Armory, Broad and Callowhill sts., Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 13, 1930. Address Albert E. Garvin, comdr., c/o Elks Club, Philadelphia.

BTRY. A, 124TH F. A.—Eleventh annual reunion and banquet early in Jan. If unable to attend, souvenir program will be sent. Address George Z. Morton, 304 E. Washington st., Springfield, Ill.

FOURTH CO., 13TH REGT., N. G. N. Y.—Reunion and dinner, Elks Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., during Jan. Address John F. McGrath, 3605 Glenwood rd., Brooklyn.

U. S. S. Tuscania.—Annual memorial dinner of survivors at Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 5. Address Leo V. Zimmermann, 567 55th st., Milwaukee, 27th Div.—"New York's Own" National Guard Division veterans will hold a convention in London, England, in May, 1930, followed by a tour of Belgian and French battlefields. For particulars address C. Pemberton Lemart, secy-treas., 100 State st., Albany, N. Y.

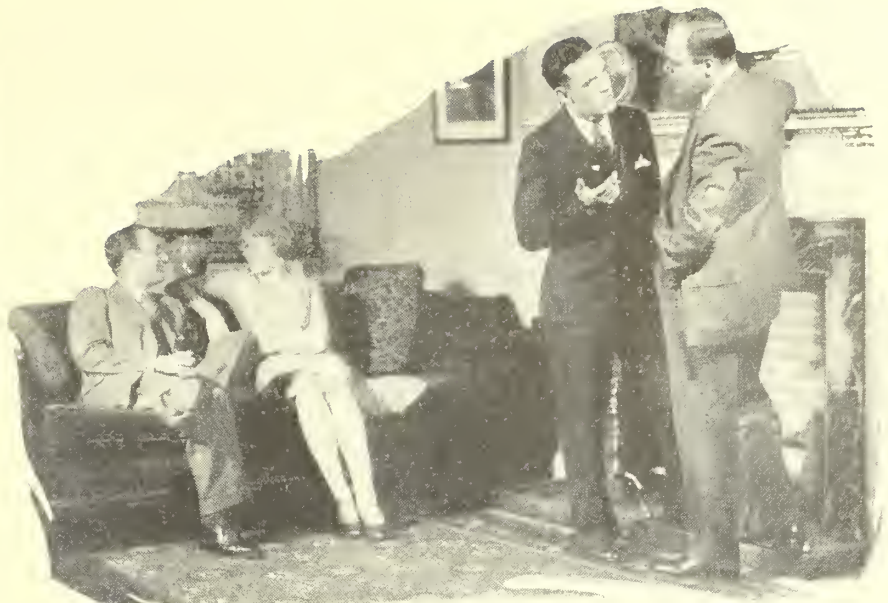
79TH F. A. (formerly 21ST CAV.)—Reunion in Fort Riley, Kans., its birthplace, during summer of 1930. Former members are requested to send names and addresses to Peter Murock, 16 Hoyt st., Spring Valley, N. Y.

34TH ENGRS.—Regimental reunion at Triangle Park, Dayton, O., Aug. 31. Address George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton, O. F, 168TH INF., 42D DIV.—Reunion at Villisca, Iowa, Mar. 9. Address Orville L. Wagamon, Villisca.

AVIATORS.—Second annual reunion of all aviators of Army and Navy in Chicago, Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22. Aviation Post of the Legion will be host. Address Sidney A. Pierson, Aviation Post, The American Legion, Sherman Hotel, Chicago.

15TH U. S. ENGRS.—Regimental reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 26, 1930. Address R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken ave., Pittsburgh, 6.

THE COMPANY CLERK



Gordon Must Have Struck It Rich

"Fred, do you see what I do?"

"You mean that diamond Gordon's wife is wearing? Say, I saw it the moment they came in, and I want to ask you—where does he get all that cash? I heard he was coming up at the Boley Company but I didn't know he was president yet!"

"Yes, Fred, Gordon's getting on. We'll have to admit he's got the edge on a lot of us who went to school with him."

Now, Bob Gordon had the edge, but he also had a secret—at least so far as Mrs. Gordon's solitaire was concerned. No, he didn't buy it on time payments either!

Turning the pages of his favorite magazine one night he read "Now you can own diamonds—60% of market—unpaid loans", and he was curious. This looked like an opportunity to save real money on fine diamonds.

He had always wanted to get Helen a finer solitaire than the engagement ring he'd given her five years before; so without saying a word to anyone he sent to the world famous firm of diamond bankers, Jos. DeRoy & Sons, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for their latest list of unpaid loans and diamonds from other unusual European cash transactions. For he wanted an outstanding value—not terms.

He found in this amazing list diamonds as low as \$60 a carat!

He learned that the DeRoy firm guaranteed weights, qualities, and loan value.

So he sent for Helen's solitaire for FREE examination. Yes, that's the way DeRoy sends everything—for free inspection first, and they tell you to try to match their diamonds at 60% more!

You too, should send for the latest DeRoy list now! Why pay full prices for diamonds when it costs you nothing to investigate?

The announcement Bob Gordon saw is reprinted on this page, at the right. There's a convenient coupon which will bring you the full information. Mail this coupon now—no obligation—but do it today as the number of unpaid loan lists are limited.

YOU Can Own Diamonds 60% Of Market

WHY Pay Full Prices

10 large loan firms combined (world's oldest, largest association of its kind)—rated over \$1,000,000.00, loans money on diamonds at a mere fraction of real values. Of course not all loans are repaid. These the real opportunities to buy at prices you can try to match at full 60% more. Every liberal privilege, with examination free without obligation to buy.

Detailed List Free—NOW!

Send for new free list Unpaid Loans and save money—yes, big money. Radically low prices for any quality, any size diamonds, and every quality. The exact grade you want unquestionably in advantageous sources. Free, all details; guaranteed amounts you can borrow; other guarantees, etc., backed by bank references. Examine diamonds free at our risk. Lists limited—write at once.

Unpaid Loans—Low as \$60 per Carat

Jos. DeRoy & Sons, Inc., Post Office, 6788 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Without obligation send me free, your latest bargain list of Diamonds, Watches and other gems.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

STEADY WORK — NO LAYOFFS — PAID VACATIONS

Your Honorable Discharge Entitles You to Special Preference

Common Education Sufficient

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

**Railway Postal Clerks Mail Carriers
Postoffice Clerks Prohibition Agents
Census Clerks Customs Inspectors
Stenographers**

\$141 to \$283 MONTH

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. E195
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job," with list of positions obtainable, and full particulars telling how to get them. Tell me all about preference given to Ex-Service Men.

Name _____
Address _____

Goldfield

(Continued from page 15)

Bill was a retired staff sergeant of the Army, a solidly built German who had enlisted on his arrival in the United States. He had the old army flowing moustache and an open countenance. Bill was night clerk at the Occidental and was friendly with all who loitered there. When the Kid and I took a room Bill introduced himself. He said, "My name is Bill Grambow—call me Bill." All residents had nicknames. I was known as "the Slim Kid." Bill went to work at eight at night and came off at four the following morning. All trades worked an eight-hour shift and the town was never closed. Bill turned in on coming off shift and got up about noon, when he would stroll around the camp and pick up news and gossip. He always came back to the terrace and would remain there until six. He was really the only news medium we had at that time, and he retailed to us daily the stories of new strikes, winnings at the bank, and shooting affairs.

Labor Day, 1904, was the occasion for a big celebration. The railroad was extended from Tonopah and Goldfield was on the map. So that it would be a memorable occasion, owners of the paying mines and saloonkeepers raised a purse of \$10,000 for a rock drilling contest. There were twelve teams, and hundreds assembled on the main street to watch the competition, which continued for eight hours, the teams pausing only long enough to refresh themselves with beer from a can.

Goldfield, in fact, was now the center of a great mining area—Tonopah to the north, Round Mountain and Manhattan to the northeast, and Rhyolite, Bullfrog and Beatty to the south. Nye County was producing copper and Nevada was again before the eyes of the world.

I always considered myself head of the Gillespie-Lund combination and when the time for assessment work drew near I suggested that, labor being plentiful, we turn our talents to the easiest way of doing the work. The saloons were now the biggest producers and on the advice of Bill Grambow, the Kid and I bought out the proprietor of the Owl, who for one reason or another had decided to pull stakes and light out for Manhattan, the new copper camp.

The Owl was located on the main stem close to what was called the Dead Line, established since the railroad came to town. It separated the dance hall district from the main part of town. Girls in that section were permitted to go up town after eight in the evening to visit the saloons and gambling houses. Our take-off was easily a thousand dollars a week.

The year 1905 brought us big time stuff. Tex Rickard of Nome fame opened the Northern, the biggest sporting house in America. George Wingfield was running the Mohawk, and the Hermitage across the street from these

was also a big attraction. Located in the center of the town they were crowded day and night.

Like all good things Goldfield needed advertisement. Suddenly a character appeared in Los Angeles clad in buckskin shirt and chaps, scattering gold pieces right and left. He was Scotty of Death Valley. His stunts along the coast were given publicity all over the country. At newspaper interviews he simply told reporters that Nevada and Death Valley were literally filled with gold nuggets and that on his trips into the Valley he generally brought out a burro load. His statements, of course, made a sensation and gold mine stocks went soaring.

Three stock exchanges were soon running day and night in the town. Goldfield stocks were listed at Denver, Chicago and New York. The town was drawing thousands from all over the world. Building was going on in all parts of the town. Costly residences were being erected by mining engineers and a new hotel, the Casey, was nearing completion. A motor bus met all trains, with the first stop the Northern.

This saloon and gambling house is worthy of a description, as it was the last of its kind. A frame building on the main corner of the town, it had a horse-shoe bar with twelve bartenders on each shift. Opposite the bar on both sides were the games of chance, heaped with gold pieces waiting for the lucky (and they were few) to take away. There were six crap tables, six roulette wheels, followed by twenty-one, poker, draw and stud and faro banks. Drinks were served to all players, and like the bar and the rest of the town except the dance halls, the games were run on a three-shift basis. The sky was the limit and the average play on the wheel was twenty dollars to a number, and fifty and a hundred dollars on odd, even and color, as it was on the crap and twenty-one tables. Sixty to a hundred thousand dollars would frequently change hands in the course of a few hours. I well remember seeing twenty-three passes made at a crap table, the play requiring the bank to be replenished three times. Kid Hylie, a partner in the firm, was floorman and a close observer of all plays that ran high.

Tex Rickard never interested himself in the games. When they were in action and the twelve bartenders were serving drinks he nonchalantly leaned against the front of the bar, clad in blue serge pants, white soft silk shirt and low patent-leather shoes, with a sombrero on the back of his head. He rolled his own cigarettes with brown paper and greeted all with a smile. Desert rats and old timers from Alaska would drop in and say, "Hello, Tex, how's things going?" He would turn around rattling gold pieces in his pocket and if he recognized the person would give him a ten or twenty. Even Scotty of Death Valley

made no impression on Tex. Scotty, clad in his picturesque costume, would drive into Goldfield in a big car, scatter gold pieces along the bar and invite everybody to drink. Tex would smile and take a lime and seltzer. "Glad to see you, Scotty," was all he had to say. We could always tell the Westerner by his drinks and dress. He always took his whiskey straight and wore leather laced boots, khaki pants and blue shirt minus tie and, of course, a Stetson.

Our little Owl was now going big. The Kid was a great entertainer and attracted many old timers who would gather daily and yarn of their findings and the future, and when flush always bought for the house.

Dance hall girls assumed fighters' names—Jimmie Britt, Bat Nelson, Joe Thomas, Stan Ketchel, and Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries for the big ones. They all greeted the sucker with a smile and after a dance or two would lead him to one of the games. The girl would make a play and invariably win. The sucker generally followed suit, but in the end lost his roll. Jake Goodfriend had a large dance floor and a brass band and several crap games and wheels. The girls in this hall lived in rooms above the hall and were not permitted to have company. Rag-Time Kelly's was not so large and had no band or games, but Hop Lawlor's piano-playing was a show in itself.

At this period the town was filled with many interesting characters. Shanghai Sullivan, finding that the need for crews to man whalers at Portland, Oregon, was dwindling, came to Goldfield and opened the Sullivan Bank and Trust Company, the first and only bank in town, also the only brick building. At this time prize fights were held weekly. Cocky O'Brien, known as the Kid Broad of Frisco, and Ah Wing, a native-son Chinaman born in Stockton, were always big drawing cards. Philadelphia Tim Callahan, a cauliflowered old timer, also took part in many bouts. The first thing Tim confided to me in the back room of the Owl when I consented to be his manager was that he was the only man who had ever knocked out Terry McGovern. Tim was a regular customer and his winnings always went much easier than they were earned. Kid Husband of New Orleans was also a prominent sporting character and a wrestler of no mean ability. He gave nightly exhibitions at the Ajax French Restaurant. I asked the Kid what he received for his work there and he said free beer and all meals. I was also his manager when we could get a match for money.

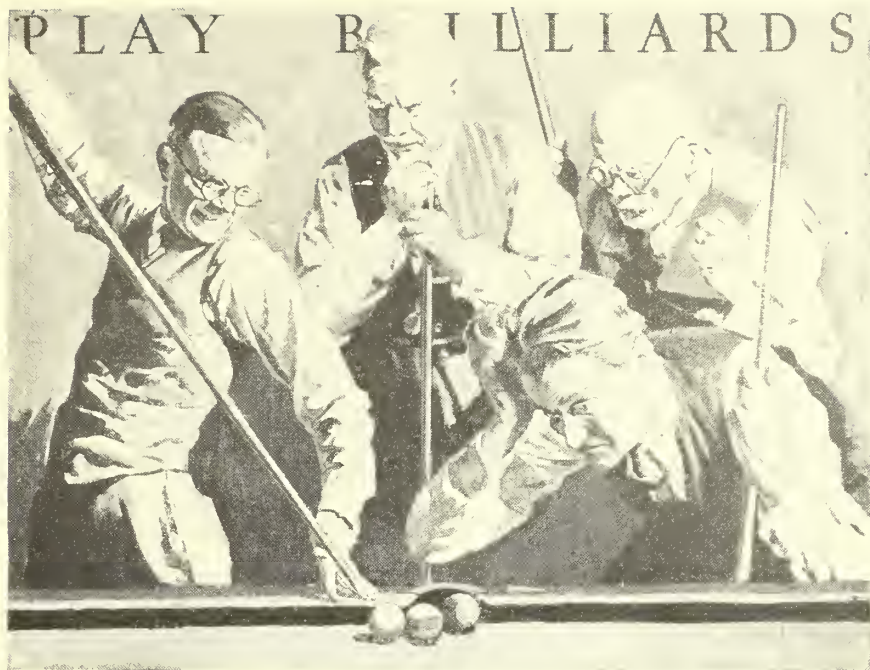
Things were going along fine at this time. Change rooms had been put in the mines that were producing and this prevented the miners from taking out the high-grade ore, as had formerly been the custom. Still much ore passed over bars and game tables in return for coin, as

many had cached quite a lot earlier in the game. But it all stayed in Goldfield and that was what counted. There was also running at this time a tea room in which wives of mining engineers and mine operators could play the wheel. It was located on a side street and was known only to the permanent residents. The main stem was principally saloons—the Elk, the Eagle, the Moose, the Nome and many others. Restaurants were scarce, as most of the unmarried miners clubbed together in shacks and cooked for themselves. These shacks were like the hobo jungle—a stranger was always welcome to a meal. The main amusement events were held at frequent intervals—umbrella parades, foot races, rock-drilling contests, prize fights and wrestling matches. The biggest sport was duck hunting at Bishop Lake, California. This trip was taken by the big sports and the mining engineers.

I now saw that money was to be made outside of the Owl, which was producing in great shape, and I put what I had saved into money orders for future use. The Kid, my partner, was a frequent visitor to the Mohawk faro bank and I am sure that all he made in our saloon went back into circulation, as almost everyone else's did in Goldfield. I at that time had contracts with Kid Husband, Tim Callahan and Cocky O'Brien to get fights and wrestling matches and always had them on the nut for training expenses. Fights there were always to a finish and the purse was cut 60-40. In my contracts I got a 50-50 split after expenses were paid. In 1906 the population of Goldfield was about 9,000 permanent inhabitants, with a floating population of about 1,500. These could all be counted on to attend fights, so the game was not bad. The quake at San Francisco brought many more.

Located in the desert, Goldfield none the less had green grass. George Wingfield's house was always pointed out to strangers because it had a green lawn around it that was sprinkled daily with water pumped from the Mohawk. Goldfield was now in bloom, everybody had money and the supply seemed endless. The Owl was showing a big return and the Kid was betting fifty and a hundred on the turn of a card at the bank. I had bought a small automobile. Looking over claims in Goldfield and nearby towns I was struck with the fact that little ore was being produced.

I then knew, as everyone who gave it a thought realized, that the money was coming from sales of stocks in the East and I began to wonder when stocks would reach their proper level—when they would be worth what they were producing and not what they promised to produce in the future. The Kid and I had quit doing assessment work on our claims but our stock was listed on the exchanges and traded in daily and I was now sure that if all of the money we received from the sales of stock had been spent on development it would have been a total loss. It was not true, as many believed, that the desert was filled with gold quartz and that it was only necessary (Continued on page 44)



A Thrill for All

WHERE there's a billiard table there's clean, wholesome fun—health-building exercise—and a relationship between families that is a revelation in the spirit of its companionship.

Billiards is inexpensive whether you play in the modern club-like billiard room, recreation center or at home. Each model, regardless of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc.

AT LAST—

a popularly priced home table line—
BRUNSWICK JUNIOR PLAYMATES

\$7.50 and up—

at leading stores everywhere.

Mail the coupon below for the "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and illustrations of Brunswick Tables.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
General Offices: 623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
In Canada: Toronto

Send the coupon today

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., Dept. 194, 623 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name..... Address.....
City..... State.....

Use Your Car to Raise Your Pay



—made easily running a
McNess "Chain Store on Wheels"

If you have a car and a good reputation and are willing to work, we can start you at once in the best paying job you've ever had.

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Goldfield

(Continued from page 43)

to take it out and send it to the refinery.

At this time Jimmey Coffroth and Eddie Graney were sparring for a match between Battling Nelson, holder of the lightweight championship, and Joe Gans, the contender. Tex Rickard now became interested in fights for the first time, as he realized some means must be used to keep the attention of the world on Goldfield. He slipped down to San Francisco and quietly signed the two to a finish fight for a purse of \$30,000. It astonished the sporting world, for a purse of this size had never been heard of before. It could not be true that anyone would offer such an amount for a fight, the sports writers felt, and who was Tex Rickard anyway? Nobody had ever heard of him in the fight game before.

A few old timers around Fillmore Street in San Francisco remembered Tex when he ran the Northern in Nome and they assured the reporters that thirty thousand was only peanut money to Tex. So the reporters came to Goldfield to see if it was true and who Tex Rickard really was. All the reporters were met at the train and taken to the Northern, where they were greeted by the imperturbable Tex with a smile. "Boys," he said, "we have thirty thousand on exhibition in the window of the Sullivan Trust Company divided into two piles. One is twenty-two for the winner and the other eight for the loser. Come with me and have a look." When asked, as was natural, why such a purse

should be offered he replied, "Well, boys, we have a fine town here and want the nice people to come and see what we have."

The fight was pulled off as advertised on September 3d and sports from all over the world were present. It was undoubtedly the finest exhibition of game-ness ever put on. It went for forty-two rounds, Gans's clever footwork and boxing offsetting the butting of Nelson throughout. The heavy onslaughts made by the Battler to retain his title were impossible to stop, but the cleverness of the colored fighter won the admiration of all present, and when, after Nelson had been repeatedly warned by the referee, the decision was awarded to Gans on a foul it received approval on all sides, even from the women, who had come heavily veiled to see the fight. They removed their veils and cheered.

Nineteen hundred and seven came in with a bang. Living conditions were excellent. Water was now piped in from Lido, about twenty-eight miles southwest. Stocks were selling at top prices and all it was necessary to do was to sit back and take it easy. The Owl now had three bartenders, so the Kid and I simply dropped in morning and night and checked up the register. The Kid was dropping what he took in on the faro bank.

September of 1907 brought disaster. The money market in the East tightened and banks began to call loans, stocks

took a tumble and mining stocks broke to nothing. Old timers began to look up and wonder where to go next. They had seen the same conditions before. Saloons and restaurants closed up and the attendance at the gambling houses and dance halls diminished daily. Gamblers were laid off and started for Alaska, dance hall queens who had cleaned up went back to Fresno, Sacramento and Ogden. Only the big houses remained open. The Kid and I had a consultation on the terrace of the Occidental. Bill Grambow was present and he agreed with me that the bubble had burst and Goldfield would fade away to a memory. I was as usual anxious to get away immediately. Things had grown monotonous and I was soon on my way.

The world is small. I arrived at Marseille in March, 1918, to establish a depot for the troops at Base No. 6. After having reported at Headquarters I was told that the Hôtel Splendide was the best place to stop. I strolled into the foyer after being assigned to a room and was greeted by "Oh, mon major, it is certainly a great pleasure to meet you again," and a little figure clad in silk and velvet offered her hand. It was one of the dance hall girls I had known in Goldfield. Two and a half years later I reported for duty in Washington. While motoring down Pennsylvania Avenue one day I was hailed by a well-dressed, stout personage with a flowing moustache. I stopped and stared. It was Bill Grambow.

Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 13)

that I'm to answer no questions nor show no signs of sense, common, as issued to enlisted men, until the last month. But the answer to that question is this: If there's a civil commotion, ye unpin the big U. S. R. off your collar an' duck down the first alley, for ye've nothin' to do with the civil authorities. If the President of the United States arrives unexpected, ye do the same thing. He has fellers enough with him to look after him, and maybe one of them would see ye standin' about in an unsoldierly attitude. If he did, ye'd better join the Red Cross, fer yer army career would be over right there."

He stood up and looked at his new breeches, that were long and baggy at the knees.

"If I fell in the river, these would keep me afloat. But they're perishin' cold fer this weather. Thank God, it's not mid-summer, fer they'd have us in woollens if it was. Aha! First call! Outside to shovel snow!"

The wooden building rang like a drum, as everyone swung feet to the floor and stamped the circulation back into chilled limbs again. Rifles thumped,

then the men stampeded outside into the rain. Each day one of the candidates acted as first sergeant, and the man whose duty it was to act for that day took his stand on the doorstep of the barrack opposite.

"At-ten-shun!" he yelled, and Rupert heard MacFee grinding his teeth beside him, for this attempting to make a preparatory command and a command of execution out of one word was a general habit in the camp, and was despised as an act of heresy by the experienced soldiers.

"Ree-port!"

"Now how the hell can a man prepare himself to report?" hissed MacFee out of the side of his mouth.

The squad leaders reported, a weird medley of voices, for the twelve companies were reporting at once, and their voices re-echoed from the wooden barracks. Then ensued a strange thing.

The band was too far away to be heard, and so each acting first sergeant—he acted as company commander as well—commanded "parade rest," allowed his men to stand thus for what he thought was an appropriate time for the

playing of retreat, then brought them to attention, and presented arms for such time as "The Star-Spangled Banner" might be played. Then the company was dismissed to put away their arms and be marched immediately to mess.

This day it was unpleasant to stand in the rain, and certain of the acting first-sergeant company-commanders ordered "parade rest, attention, present arms, order arms, fall out and fall in again without arms," all in the same breath. But the man who held temporary sway over the Second Company was conscientious.

"Pee-rade, rest!" he ordered.

All complied and watched the rain stream from their campaign hats, pleasantly colored with the dye from the red, white, and blue cord.

"He's hummin' 'Retreat' to himself," muttered MacFee.

The hummer became confused. He must have made a mistake. Did "order arms" come first, or "present arms?" He observed the smiles of some hundred and twenty faces. Ah, he should have his back to the company, that was it! He turned his back and executed pa-

rade rest himself. But now was it time to command something else? He could hear a company going by the end of the street to the mess hall.

"At-ten-shun!" he commanded, swinging about.

Good! They executed that with snap. Then the vagrant wind, veering from the north, brought to every ear the clear, pure strains of the National Anthem being played by the band somewhere near the gymnasium. The company marching to mess halted in place.

"Right hand salute!" commanded its first sergeant, which command was duly executed. The thunder of feet in the next barrack was hushed, and then the command of the Second Company's commander rang out.

"Inspection arms!"

"Oh, God!" said MacFee.

He and Rupert executed inspection arms. Others, knowing that the command should have been "present arms!" executed that.

The acting commander, gazing horror-stricken at his company, realized that something was wrong. Now then, he must bring them back to the order. What was the command now? Oh, yes!

"Rest!" he shouted.

"As you were!" was the command he meant, but officers coming into the barracks said "rest" or "as you were" indiscriminately, so that he could be forgiven for mixing them.

Numbers of the men at once took exaggerated attitudes of rest, and put their rifles under their overcoats to keep them dry. Here the real company commander, the Regular Army instructor, intervened. He walked calmly along the front of the company and mounted the step, from whence he surveyed all with a bilious eye.

"The command was 'inspection arms'," he said, in a calm, abstracted sort of manner. He had a most unpleasant manner of talking in a slow, monotonous tone, and of looking over peoples' heads while doing so, as though he spoke not to them, but to himself.

"The command was 'inspection arms'," he repeated, "and as 'rest' cannot be executed from 'inspection,' every man should be at inspection. Take the names of all those men who have not obeyed the command."

The band had finished long ago; in fact it was the concluding strains that had been heard. The other companies marched to mess, but the Second Company still remained, while the acting first sergeant wrote down names. He had sixty-two when he had finished, and though the wind was bitter and he was soaked to the skin with the cold rain, he was quite as warm as he had ever been in his life.

Meanwhile those men who stood at inspection arms had the pleasure of knowing that their bolt mechanisms and magazines were absorbing water at a tremendous rate. Also the United States Magazine rifle, model of 1903, weighs almost nine pounds, and held across the body for a considerable length of time feels much heavier.

"We must (Continued on page 46)

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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 45)

have discipline, gentlemen!" said the Regular officer, when the last name had been taken. "We must learn to obey before we can learn to command!"

The company writhed, for they would be last at the mess-shack, and the cheese, bread, jam, butter, sugar and pickles with which their table would be garnished for the evening meal would be as the worm to the late bird.

"Bring them to order now," continued the Regular, "then dismiss them."

Then he went away to his own dinner, as one who had performed his duty well for the day and had earned repose.

"Wasn't that rich?" grinned Rupert, as he and the rest of the second squad put away their rifles.

"But don't forget," said MacFee soberly, "that that young lad this time six months may be leadin' troops into battle. Pray God he improves in that time!"

"Yeah, that's right, too!" agreed the others.

The matter, however, did not impress them very deeply, since those who knew something of military matters had very little hope of ever getting into battle, and those who had had no military experience were blissfully ignorant of what leading troops into battle or anywhere else might involve.

To mess, eaten in open shacks by the lake side, where the wind could sprinkle everything with a liberal coating of sand and cinders from the railroad track. Then they returned to barracks where they had time to smoke a cigarette and consult the bulletin board before being marched to study hours in the gymnasium.

"We'll be run properly tomorrow," observed Rupert, offering a cigarette to Corporal MacFee. "I see that you're acting top-kick."

"Uh!" replied MacFee.

"And a bird named Gladwin is platoon leader. Who do you suppose that is?"

"Oo, that's me!" gasped the reserve officer on the lower bunk. "Never mind, all I have to do is repeat commands. I was a sergeant last summer for a week."

"By God, there's one thing I'll do fer the twenty-four hours I'm in command. I'll have this running about the quarters before reveille stopped! Annywan wishful fer a cold bath can get up an' take it if he will, but he takes it in his bare feet. In the Army there's certain hours in the day and the night, too, when a man is not allowed to wear shoes in the squadroom fer fear o' wakin' them that's doin' bunk fatigue. 'Tis a rule that'll be inforced here!"

"Good for you!" agreed Rupert. "Well, let's have a look at the schedule. What do we do tonight? Interior guard duty, and prepare problem for tomorrow. Problem Two, Small Problems for Infantry. That's a dam' interesting book, just the same. Reads like a novel."

"That schedule's a fine thing," remarked MacFee. "It outlines a man's

life fer the next three months. If I want to know whether I'll be sitting, standing, or lying down at three-thirty p. m., August fourth, nineteen-seventeen, all I have to do is consult the trainin' schedule. I find I'll be standin' under the fourth pine from the right in the second row back o' the old cemetery, with a wig-wag flag in each hand, makin' the letter M. There's the whistle. Out we go fer school. Tain't correct, though, that schedule ain't. I have me doubts that I'll be standin' in front o' the fourth pine and so on, on such an' such a date. If this camp keeps on as it has begun I'll be in a padded cell long before that!"

The entire New England regiment, row upon row, at long plain-board tables, occupied the gymnasium. Arc lights glared down, and in their blaze the candidates studied their books and prepared for conferences, examinations, and exercises for the morrow.

Rupert would read over the problems, but aside from that he did nothing, except perhaps to write letters, either to John or his mother. The manual of interior guard he knew by heart. He had mounted guard in every capacity from buck private to officer of the day for four years. The instructors no longer asked him what he would do if he were on post at three a. m. and he suddenly perceived a German battleship on Lake Champlain; or if, being on Post Number One, General Wood or the Secretary of War arrived with a limousine full of guests in evening attire; or if he observed F Troop's cow roaming about the parade. He had replied with a bored manner that in any such occasion he would pass the buck to the corporal of the guard. Rupert had noticed that this had not pleased the instructor, who had given him a black mark for being too fresh, in that he knew the correct answer to the question.

Here, then, was another evening to be killed. How long had he been here? Three weeks. It seemed that many months. Three weeks of cold, of misery, of dirt, for the system for heating water was not yet in order, and few men had the courage to stand under the partly melted snow that came out of the pipes in the showers. This cold water hardened rather than softened the dirt.

What amusement had there been? None. Saturday and Sunday nights they had free, and could go to Plattsburg. The town was small; when the two regiments of candidates all gathered there it was difficult to move about the streets. There had been a theatre where the candidates had attended "burly" shows and acclaimed the female participants with riotous enthusiasm. This had shocked the authorities. The country was already beginning to show signs of the Crusader fever, and a man who attended burly shows would not be fit to become the Knight of the Round Table that the

Plattsburg ideal of an officer must be. Certain of the candidates were cast into outer darkness for accepting the manager's invitation to dance with the chorus, and shortly after that the shows were closed.

John Livingston had remained at college. He had no recourse but to admit that leaving their mother alone to handle the farm was not the proper thing to do. There was a lot of business now, more than any woman could take care of, and their mother was no longer young.

There were horses to be shipped, colts to be broken, two-year-olds to be trained. John had made only one protest, which was that Rupert, being the elder brother, and consequently more experienced with the business, should be the one to stay home and run the farm. But Rupert was graduating anyway, and the war would in all probability be over in the fall anyway, whereas John had two more years to do, and to spend another summer as he had spent the summer of 1916, loafing under canvas and ducking details, was not to be thought of.

John had written once or twice to say that all went well, and his brother having forgotten to have him busted for the physics class episode, he had been promoted to first sergeant, vice the second classman who had been made an officer to fill a vacancy made by a senior going to Plattsburg. Thus he had gained, since his elder brother was now only a private.

Never mind, if this was to be his particular part in the task of winning the war, Rupert intended to do it as best he could. Yet just how learning to wig-wag messages very slowly from one sand dune to another, or making little triangles by sighting at a piece of cardboard along a wooden bar, was going to have its effect on the Imperial German Army—for a moment he did not see the whitewashed brick walls of the gymnasium, the row upon row of bent backs, the piles and piles of new campaign hats with their Fourth of July cords, but rather the gray waves that had swept over Belgium to the Marne, the hosts of Tannenberg, the human battering-ram that had crashed against the walls of Verdun for seven months.

But were there not officers at Washington that had followed the progress of the war with just as much interest as he, but with more understanding? Wouldn't these men know the proper methods to take to defeat the Kaiser?

Rupert prided himself on being a good soldier. What was the soldier's first duty? To obey. Not to question, but to do! If Higher Authority decreed that he should learn to make mud pies, then he should devote all his energy to that operation. Very well. He had decided that he should go to war, and that John should stay home. If he slacked on his job, then how could he reproach John for slacking on his? Rupert thereupon seized his Manual of Interior Guard Duty and plunged into the list of persons to whom honors should be rendered.

The next morning reveille awakened the candidates. (Continued on page 48)

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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 47)

The rain had ceased, but there was a high wind. It was a cold one, too—the sleepy men could tell by the way the bugle sounded.

The camp boomed like a drum with the murmur of voices and the thump of feet on the board floors. Reveille march and the band playing "There's a Long, Long Trail." Sound off, whistles shrilling, and acting first sergeants shouting "Ow-w-tside!"

The Second Company lined up shivering, their cotton uniforms icy from the night's cold dampness, their teeth chattering with the biting wind. Rupert noticed that MacFee was not in his usual place in the squad, then he remembered that the corporal was acting first sergeant that day.

"Hully gee, look at Mac!" whispered another member of the squad.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Rupert coldly, for he disliked the last speaker. His name was Mulford, and he had been a traveling salesman. His comments on the camp had been bitter, and Rupert had inquired why he had come.

"Oh, I was out of a job anyway," the fat Mulford had replied, "and after all, twenty-five bucks a week and found ain't too bad a proposition."

"Look at him," said Mulford good-naturedly.

Rupert turned around then and looked. MacFee had taken his stand on the step of the next barrack and was surveying the company nervously. He wore his overcoat, so that Rupert could not see if he had on his cotton uniform or not, but he certainly was wearing a new hat, and wearing it as he had the afternoon before, down about his ears, with the string tied in a bow-knot under his chin. Gone was his erect soldierly attitude. He had bent over, and his hands were thrust into his overcoat pockets.

"Haha!" laughed Mulford. "Isn't he a sketch?"

Assembly. "Er-at-ten-shun!" commanded MacFee. There was a long silence, while MacFee looked up and down the ranks, wetting his lips nervously from time to time, and opening his mouth as if to speak.

"Well, have them report, First Sergeant!" barked a voice.

It was the instructor, wrapped in a sheepskin overcoat, who had appeared at the corner of the barracks.

"Ree-port!" commanded MacFee, clearing his throat.

Each squad reported all present. MacFee wet his lips again. The silence became embarrassing.

"Report to me," said the instructor coldly. "Sir, all present or accounted for."

"Sir, all present or accounted for!"

"Dismiss the company!" replied the instructor.

"Dismiss the company!" repeated MacFee.

"No! That's not the command! Think,

man! You know what the command is! What are you going to do next? Think of that!"

"We're going to breakfast, sir."

"Yes, but what are you going to do before that? You wash your face and hands first, don't you?"

"Er-er-wash face and hands!" commanded MacFee.

The company laughed whole-heartedly.

"As you were!" The instructor's voice rang like a bell. "The command may be 'dismissed' or 'fall out.' In this instance, since there will be another formation in a few minutes, it should be 'fall out!' Read your manual! Now! Dismiss them!"

"Fall out!" ordered MacFee in a faltering voice, as though he were not quite sure that *that* was the proper order.

The company dissolved into a hundred-odd laughing men. They shouted for joy, their cold forgotten. "Wash hands and face!" they repeated to each other as they filled their basins, or snatched off overcoat and blouse. "Ho, ho! Wasn't that rich."

As for MacFee, he went into the orderly room to look at the bulletin board, but as he passed Rupert his eyelid flickered, and for just a brief instant he leered at the second squad. Then his fixed, earnest look returned, and he went on as one bowed with a weight of care.

The company fell in later and were marched to breakfast. MacFee had no trouble with them now. He could command what he would, or give no commands at all. The first squad were huge men, heavy thinkers. They were going to breakfast and knew the way. Thither they went as fast as they could walk, and no command from mortal throat could stop them.

After breakfast, drill. The instructor was evidently taking no chances on MacFee.

"Give them now 'Squads right, column left,'" commanded the instructor, after MacFee had stammeringly reported the company as all present. "After that you have nothing to do but follow the road to the parade ground. Is that understood?"

"Yessir."

"Good! Then let's see you do it!"

The commands were given as a child recites a task in school. The company was abruptly halted by the instructor, and MacFee made to repeat the commands until they were given as commands, not as a string of words.

Several men had their names taken for smiling in ranks. They got away finally, and arrived eventually at the drill field, each platoon out of step with the one ahead of it, and the platoon leaders for the day vainly trying to rectify the defect.

"How the hell," demanded one, "can we keep in step if you fatheads ahead of us keep changing yours every minute?" His name was taken for language unbecoming a candidate.

Here, on the drill field, MacFee's discomfiture was complete. The hour was marked on the schedule for close order drill of the company. MacFee, and after him each of the acting platoon leaders, was to drill the company in close-order drill. See paragraph so and so to such another one, Infantry Drill Regulations, all of which should have been studied the night before.

"Being in column of fours," began the instructor, "form line of platoons to the left."

"Yessir."

The company continued to march.

"Well, be about it!" shouted the instructor, after the company had gone on some fifty yards without changing formation.

"Platoons column left!" husked about twenty voices.

"Platoons column left!" shouted MacFee eagerly.

"As you were!" roared the instructor. "Companee—halt! Now there can be only one instructor in this company and I am he!" he went on, coming up in a rage. "If I want any man to be coached I'll coach him! Platoon leaders will take the name of any man they see talking! Now then, er-what's your name—First Sergeant there—MacFee, that it? Well, MacFee, you take this company down the field in column of platoons, then turn them around and bring them back to me so that they halt here in line of platoon-columns. Understand?"

"Yessir."

"Go to it."

The company went away again and MacFee formed column of platoons very creditably, that formation from column of fours being easy of attainment. But instead of turning the company about by successive commands of column left, he turned it about in place, by commanding "squads right about."

It was, thought Rupert, just the command that a nervous, inexperienced man might give that wanted the company to come back again and cared not how it was done so long as they did it; or it might be the command that someone would give who knew his business thoroughly and wanted to cause as much confusion as possible.

Rupert inclined to the latter belief, for the next command was "platoons right by squads," the intention evidently being to form column of fours again and then line of platoon columns from that formation. But the platoons having executed squads right about, the right squad was now on the left. To four platoons of recruits the situation was tragic. Should the right go first or should the left, which was really the right?

No one dared consult with his neighbor, for there had just been that reproof about talking in ranks. Each platoon, then, decided for itself. The first executed right by squads from the right, so that its last squad was first, and the platoon being a big one, and the men in the last squad very short and those in the first quite tall, it marched on, looking like an animated stairway, or a section of seats in a stadium.

The second (Continued on page 50)

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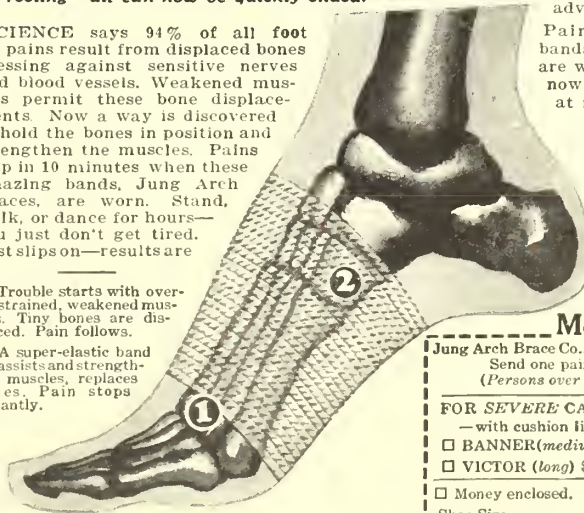
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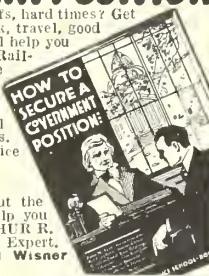
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Livingston Brothers

(Continued from page 49)

platoon executed the command from the left, so that its right squad would still lead the platoon.

The third platoon did nothing, but unable to decide, continued its way in platoon front.

The platoon commander of the last platoon, having heard the command but faintly, yet knowing that his platoon must somehow be gotten into column of squads, and knowing but hazily how it should be done, commanded, "Squads right!" The platoon thereupon shot off at right angles from the rest of the company and advanced upon Officers' Row, while their late leader followed them, dumb with horror at what he had done, and wondering if the platoon would stop upon arriving at the officers' lawns, or if they would continue on into the open country beyond. But they were saved.

Another officer, an instructor of instructors, was roaming about the drill ground, slapping his boots with his riding crop and mentally cursing the man that had given him drink the night before. The vagrant platoon passed near him.

"Halt that platoon!" he called.

"Platoon halt!"

"Give them at ease," said the instructor, "until we see what happens here."

The first platoon stood at ease.

"The second squad is raising up ructions with this company today!" whispered fat Mulford. "MacFee fixes the company and Gladwin the platoon!"

Rupert made no reply, for the command had been "at ease," and not "rest," and hence talking was not allowed. He did not want to talk to Mulford anyway. Twenty-five dollars a week and found! Did a man go to serve his country as he went to sell shoes? Did he ask the wage he should be paid to be a patriot?

Across the parade ground the Second Company's instructor could be seen halting the now thoroughly jumbled platoons. Each one was halted in place, then, by executing individual movements by squads, reformed. The instructor was seen to point to the platoon that had been first but had become last, evidently directing MacFee to march the company in that direction, if his mental powers would permit him to do so. The instructor then hurried over to report to his superior.

"Good morning, Major," said he, coming up. "This is the Second New England company, doing close-order drill."

"Yes," said the major, "I see it is. Good morning. There seems to be a little confusion here and there."

"Yes, Major, but I've got a man there that never gave a command in his life before. I don't think he ever saw troops in formation!"

"I imagine the majority of the men here are like that. We'll change them a little before the end of the camp!"

The other three platoons drew near

and were halted. Then by a little shuffling the company was reformed. During this time the major regarded MacFee and finally he approached the instructor, while the men were being given a breathing spell.

"This man here," said the major, indicating MacFee, "isn't the one that would the company up, is he?"

"Yes, he's the one," said the instructor.

The two officers were directly in front of the second squad, and the men in that squad saw the major's eyebrows go up in surprise.

"Why, that man's an oldtimer!" said the major. "He was in my company when the Fifth was here in 1914."

"Are you sure, Major?"

"Positive. He was a good soldier. I knew him well."

"MacFee!" snapped the instructor. "Just step here a minute, will you?"

MacFee complied.

"MacFee," said the instructor sternly, with narrowed eyes, "are you a soldier?"

"No, sir, I'm a candidate!"

"Don't bandy words with me! Are you in the Regular Army?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How long?"

"This is my third enlistment, sir."

"Then what do you mean by acting the fool all the morning?"

"Sir, I never commanded a company. Sure, sir, I never saw more than twenty-five men drill at once since I'm in the Army."

"What were your duties with your company?"

"I was company clerk, sir."

"Ummm!" said the instructor. "Well, that'll be all. I wouldn't want to think that you were trying to horse me, MacFee!"

MacFee made no reply, but saluted in the most military manner and walked back to his post.

The morning's work continued. The other companies were in no better case than the Second. They were all new at it, and the sight of a company bursting like a shell and component parts of it going every which way was not uncommon. Platoons and squads would suddenly appear mounting the steps of the barracks surrounding the parade, and marking time at the locked doors thereof; whole companies passed through each other like Zouave drill teams.

Finally, that period of the instruction being over, they went on to the Manual of Interior Guard, and each company executed guard mount in a manner fearful and wonderful to behold.

And so back to barracks in time to clean up for mess.

"What do you think?" demanded someone across the bunks, as the men were removing their overcoats and laying aside belt and rifle. "MacFee having a little fun with us or not?"

"He's kidding us," laughed fat Mulford.

"Haha! Great stuff! Gosh, that was funny! Oh boy! 'Wash face and hands!' And then how he did wind us up! Naw, he did it too scientifically not to know what he was doin'."

"Yes, but he said he was a company clerk," said another. "Didn't you hear him? He said he'd never drilled a company! How can you take a soldier out of the ranks and give him a war-strength company to handle? The Regular soldiers don't know any more about it than we do!"

"Well, where's Mac anyway? Isn't he in your squad? Let's ask him!"

"He's in the orderly room. The acting first sergeant stays in the orderly room. He sits in there and looks wise."

"Well, whether he was or not, I certainly wasn't kidding anyone when I took that platoon over to Officers' Row! Man, that took ten years off the wrong end of my life. All I could think of was what would happen to that geranium bed after the company had gone right through it. I couldn't have thought of the command to halt any more than I could have flown. By God, a man gets in a panic! It's like learning to drive a car."

"I can't help but feel," said Rupert to Gladwin, "that Mac was doing that on purpose. Didn't he let on yesterday that he was going to act the dumbbell? Mean to say a man with three enlistments in doesn't know how to wear a campaign hat? MacFee looks like Simon Legree in his. He had a decent fitting overcoat, too, and he went over and changed it for that reach-me-down he's got on. I think it's poor stuff my-

self. We aren't up here for amusement, but to fit ourselves to be officers!"

"Yup," agreed fat Mulford, coming around the bunk, "that's right. But this war business is so dam' solemn we might as well get all the laughs out of it we can. You wouldn't like to buy a nice pair of shoes, would you? I got a few pairs here, sample shoes they are, left over." He displayed a box he had. "Had the comp'ny send 'em up to me. I can let you fellars have 'em at cost. Yuh see they're lots more comfortable than these army shoes. Got the new outside counter and everything. Sit down an' try one on."

"No, thanks," said Rupert. "I don't need any anyway, and it's too near time for mess."

"Yeah, but this is somethin' you don't want to pass up. It'll save you money to buy a pair o' these shoes, because when we get our commissions we'll be needin' shoes, an' the government won't give 'em to us."

"Well, when I get a commission maybe I'll buy a pair."

"Huh, young fellar, I ain't goin' to keep these shoes till then! You better buy a pair now!"

"Let me see a pair," said Gladwin. "I haven't got time to try 'em on now, but I will after mess." He took one of the shoes that Mulford held in his hand. "They look like nice stuff."

Rupert took his basin and towel and went out. If this camp could make an officer and a gentleman out of a man like Mulford there was certainly hope for all the rest of them.

(To be continued)

Why I Would Not Change My Name

(Continued from page 7)

the name they were discarding. Thus there is a clan of Bradfords today whose name less than half a dozen years ago was Balabanoff; of Garfields whose name had been Golovenchik. A former Walliewica has become Wells; Linetzky has become Lawton; Borochoff has become Brooks; Michalsky has become Millford; Simkhovich has become Shepherd.

Given names, which their old-world parents had drawn largely from the New and Old Testaments, were discarded along with their surnames by the daughters of immigrants, and names gleaned from the poets, such as Lucille, Gwendolyne and Oceana, substituted. Nor were the boys far behind. Myron and Reginald and Elliott became the current boys' names on the immigrant Main Street.

The characteristic most commonly observed in connection with the changing of names is that those immigrants whose standing in the old world was least, whose past in their native land had been a sort of blank page, devoid of any distinction or achievement, were the first to change. Immigrants, on the contrary, who came from better-known families, think long not only before discarding

their names entirely, but even before they make the slightest changes or modifications in them.

Personally I will not say that I never had occasion to regret not having changed my name to one that would permit me to lose myself readily in the community in which I lived. There is milk of human kindness in every person. But, whether men or children, human beings in the aggregate sometimes become merciless. There is something about the anonymity of a crowd which permits men in bulk to commit deeds of discrimination and cruelty that they would not do singly.

It is not for myself, however, that I regret most my not having changed my name, but for my little son. I recall days and days, some years ago, when he would come home from school or play with his little brow wrinkled. After several unsuccessful attempts I finally overcame his reticence. What was troubling him, I demanded?

"Oh," he said. "I wish we had an American name like others." And then he added: "Teacher keeps talking about a Russian named Lenintrotsky, who is a good-for-nothing and a trouble-maker. Every time she mentions his name the kids in the class (Continued on page 52)

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Why I Would Not Change My Name

(Continued from page 51)

look at me as if I were a relation of his or something. Some of them tease me about it."

He was too young to be told that there was a stage in human history when the ancestors of the children who were now teasing him had themselves been teased about their origin. They had been called Barbarians by Roman soldiers and patrician Roman schoolmasters pronounced their Saxon and other Northern names with disdain.

He was too young to be told that. But I did tell him of Rudolph Valentino, whom he saw on the screen, and whom America had taken into her affections despite the fact that his name had a South European ending. I mentioned Rachmaninoff, whose Slav name did not make his music less sweet. I told him of Steinmetz and Pupin and Michelson, wizards of electricity, physics and astron-

omy, whose names and origins had been no bar to their passing on to the immortal regions of genius.

As simply as I could I explained that for me to change my name for gain of ease, to escape occasional prejudice or annoyance, would be an insult to the country which gave me birth, to my ancestors, dead and living, to their past with its heritage and achievements.

Most of all it would be an insult to the country that has adopted me and now calls me her own. America would lose her magic, would become no different from any other country, if it were said of her with truth that she is no longer the protagonist of fair play and equality for all, and that an entrance card, in the shape of a changed name and an obliterated past, is required in order freely to enjoy the blessings of citizenship under her skies.

Conquistador, New Style

(Continued from page 23)

bones of the conquerors had crumbled. Fabulous treasure indeed. Underground rivers of black and flowing gold. Deep under the plains of Texas and Arkansas, while the land mocked the hopes of the avaricious caballeros, were little oceans of crude oil which Nature, master guardian of destiny, was saving for the world when it should be ready for its heritage.

In 1921 a new sort of conquistador was marching over the Southwest, over the obliterated trails of the Spanish conquerors. He wore overalls instead of buckled armor. He sought no city with walls and pavements of gold. He carried no jeweled sword, but he was master of engines that would plunge a steel lance deep into soil and sand and rock. Now and then black gold gushed from the holes his drill made, and sometimes it burst forth as a mighty fountain. Wherever the black gold flowed, men rushed to drill more holes, and the whole world thrilled once more with the old call of sudden wealth. Upper Texas and the fringes of the States that joined it on the North was the region of the world's newest oil boom. There was reenacted the drama that had first been staged in Pennsylvania, which had been acted on a grander scale in Oklahoma and California and Wyoming—the drama of the oil rush.

The footloose soldiers of fortune turned to the Southwest, and with them thousands of prosaic citizens. They were the army in a new battle with Nature, and their camps became the boom towns of a new oil belt. On prairies and in river bottoms the new oil fields spread with derricks as thick-set as trees in a forest. The dark soil was churned to mud by the wheels of countless motor trucks, and in that mud the army of oil workers toiled and battled with primeval

fierceness for new conquests. At night the fields were aglare with the flames of burning gas—a panorama of fire and shadows and gaunt silhouetted derricks such as Gustav Doré envisioned for his landscapes of Dante's Hell. Always the roar of ceaseless activity hung over the fields—the pounding of huge drills, the throbbing of motor trucks, the thudding of timbers, the sound of sledges upon wood and iron. The smell of oil was heavy in the air, tintured with the fumes from the burning gas wells.

El Dorado was the heart and soul of all this when Bodenhamer looked upon it on that first spring night. It was not the golden city of Spaniards' dreams, but its crowds and its clamor set fire to his hopes and his imagination. He had come only to see the excitement, but as he elbowed his way through the milling throngs on the town's main street he knew he was bound to stay. He scarcely took time to eat or sleep. At three o'clock of the next afternoon he had an office open—an oldtime storeroom in which carpenters were giving the final hammer strokes to partition walls. A fresh sign proclaimed the business—real estate, oil leases, oil royalties. El Dorado had gained a first citizen. It was three months before his clothing and books arrived from Texas. There came also his younger brothers, Richard Clinton and John David, to help him. They have been his business associates ever since.

The story of O. L. Bodenhamer's career in the eight years that have elapsed since he arrived at El Dorado is inseparable from the history of his city for those eight years. He early had the vision of the metropolis that should grow out of a boom town, and he made himself the spokesman and champion of con-

servative development. El Dorado's oil prosperity was real and it brought many-sided business activity. The wild days of the boom were succeeded by orderly growth founded upon cotton and other farm products, upon manufacturing plants which were attracted by the town's natural advantages.

At first, El Dorado flourished with all the traditional recklessness of the boom town. Liquor flowed and weapons flashed. Bad women came close behind bad men. There were desperate deeds, and killings were almost commonplace. Bodenhamer opened branch offices in smaller communities round about El Dorado which were booming too. In one town he rented a section of a drugstore counter. He was using it as a desk when there was commotion in the street outside. Men carried into the drugstore a limp figure in overalls. A moment later a doctor was performing an operation—the drugstore counter his operating table.

Bodenhamer's business activities, begun in oil, gradually shifted to the varied other business interests as the town grew spectacularly. There were new buildings to be put up, factory sites to be provided, new streets to be laid out, new sections of countryside to be opened for the overflowing population. In all this, Bodenhamer found full use for his organizing ability and his capacity for swift development. At the same time he identified himself with the forward-looking citizens of the community who were organizing for the civic tasks that faced the town.

In his earliest days in El Dorado, Bodenhamer recognized that he could do his duty as a citizen in no better way than by joining El Dorado's post of The American Legion. Roy V. Kinard Post of El Dorado at that time had seventy-four members and a crisis had come in its affairs. Two partisan factions were in bitter dispute. Bodenhamer, already well known in the town, attended a meeting and, unexpectedly and by general consent, found himself in the role of peace-maker and conciliator. He was elected unanimously the post's new commander. In his period of leadership, he raised the post's membership to 814. It became a community force for good works and a leader among the posts of Arkansas.

Upon his record in his home post he founded his subsequent career in the Legion—as Commander of the Arkansas Department, as Arkansas's member of the National Executive Committee, as Chairman of the National Legislative Committee in 1925, the year the Adjusted Compensation Bill went into effect, as a member of other national committees such as Finance, Rehabilitation, Child Welfare, Endowment Fund, National Defense, Ritual and Resolutions. It was this record which the Arkansas Department pointed to when it issued a declaration at the Louisville national convention before he was elected, closing with these words:

"Our own Bodie, as he is called by his comrades, is loved, trusted, respected and admired by his friends. We have confidence in him and in his ability. We believe that he has earned the right to serve as National Commander."

And Joseph L. Morrison of Stuttgart, who succeeded him as Department Commander, gives further light upon Bodenhamer's service as he was coming up in the Legion.

"I have seen him, when called to Stuttgart or other posts in the State, get into his car and drive 150 or 200 miles over the one-time miserable roads—fill a speaking engagement and drive back home the same night so that he could take care of his own affairs the next day. I have seen him take an entire week driving to all parts of the State, filling a heavy schedule and refusing to take a cent for his expenses."

While Bodenhamer was rendering his many-sided service to the Legion, to his post, his department and the national organization, the expansion of El Dorado made countless demands upon his energy. He was a leading member of a large number of civic organizations which were laboring to make the new El Dorado conform to the needs of changing conditions. He served as secretary and president of the El Dorado Lions Club and he has always taken a prominent part in state and national affairs of that organization. He was one of the organizers of De Soto Council of Boy Scouts and served as its first president. He organized the Parks and Playgrounds Association, to carry on the work of providing recreation facilities for the children of the city until the city could take over that function. At the same time he served as a member of the Arkansas Park Commission. He directed campaigns for raising funds for the Salvation Army and the Community Chest.

In 1925 Bodenhamer organized the El Dorado Real Estate Association and he has continuously been active in this body. As president of the Arkansas Real Estate Association he directed two important campaigns, one known as "Know Your City Week," designed to give to all citizens a sense of their public responsibilities, the other "Mark Your Town Week," in which almost every city in the State was inspired to label rooftops for the guidance of aviators.

As the result of his activities for the upbuilding of Arkansas he was appointed a member of the Arkansas Tax Commission, a body charged with the extremely important task of devising a new system of taxation in keeping with the State's modern needs.

For three years he has been a member of El Dorado's Board of Public Affairs. During this service he helped supervise the erection of the city's municipal building, one of the finest structures of its kind in the South. This building is symbolical of the city's transformation, as are new churches costing a million dollars and new school buildings that also cost a million dollars.

Good roads have contributed more than any other factor to Arkansas's great strides forward in ten years, and Bodenhamer has been the leader of the better roads movement in his section. Chairman of the Good Roads Committee for Union County, he helped procure highway construction whose cost was several million dollars.

In 1925 there (Continued on page 54)

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Conquistador, New Style

(Continued from page 53)

was a spontaneous demand in El Dorado for a reorganization of the Chamber of Commerce to adapt it to the city's modern needs. Bodenhamer directed the reorganization program and supervised the raising of a large fund to enable the chamber to expand its work for the city's advancement. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce when he was elected National Commander of the American Legion. He is one of the organizers of the new State Chamber of Commerce and is serving as a director.

This surprising record of civic accomplishment, in itself the index of El Dorado's development from a little town to a city of 30,000 in less than ten years, was recognized by the citizens of El Dorado last year in an unusual manner. By the unanimous vote of a committee representing all the organizations of the city, Bodenhamer was awarded the Citizenship Cup for 1928, the honor that marked him as the most useful citizen of El Dorado during that year.

Bodenhamer's service as Chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee in 1925, in the year in which the Legion was presenting its effective pleas to Congress for vital changes in the World War Veterans Act, brought him into close contact with representative Legionnaires of all States. They marked him for the traits which have been characteristic of him throughout his career, and in each subsequent year he had been included among those mentioned for the post of National Commander. His service as a member of the National Executive Committee and on many other national committees added to the appreciation of his qualifications for the Legion's highest office.

In 1927 Bodenhamer went to Paris with the Second A. E. F. He hadn't expected he would be able to make the trip, but obstacles were cleared away

unexpectedly and he arrived in New York just in time to catch the *Leviathan*, the Second A. E. F.'s flagship.

Lucius Stephens of Lometa, Texas, was a shipmate and was with Bodenhamer during the Good Will Tour that followed the Paris convention. He supplies a travel note which may be worth remembering when and if the Third A. E. F. goes to Europe in 1937.

"Bodenhamer is very careful about his clothes," writes Mr. Stephens. "When the Good Will party arrived at the Grand Hôtel de Russie in Rome, he sent all his suits out to be pressed while he was getting his sleep. Getting a suit back in the morning is all right in New York or El Dorado, but things aren't done that way in Rome. If you are lucky in Rome, you get it back some time the next day, or it may be three days later. In the morning the party was preparing to go for its audience with the Pope. That is, everybody but Mr. Bodenhamer.

"He was destitute of clothing. He had every bellhop, porter, maid and assistant manager within range come to his room, but none of them could understand English. Bodie simply paced the floor in his pajamas while the rest of the party was having its memorable audience."

Lucius Stephens adds a geographical note also.

"When we got to Brussels," he recalls, "King Albert asked each man in the party what part of the United States he came from. Bodenhamer told him he came from the Southwest. 'Ah,' said the King, 'but what State?' 'A-r-k-a-n-s-a-w,' Bodie replied. 'Ah,' said the King, 'but what city?' Bodenhamer told him El Dorado. 'Oh, yes!' exclaimed the King. 'A fine little oil town!'

"He knew his Razorback State all right, but he wasn't up to date. He hadn't heard what El Dorado has become since it got Bodie from Texas."

The Wine Shop on the Cliff

(Continued from page 19)

it. "Not a pretty girl at all," he repeated.

"She looks at me, so!" the woman complained. She paused in her counting of the money to twist up the corners of her mouth. Costello arose.

"We'll look around outside, brigadier," he suggested. As he started toward the door the woman plucked his arm.

"They call her Angel," she confided hoarsely.

"Nice name," Costello offered her another coin. "Her surname?"

"I don't know! A French devil!" The woman returned to the table and took a gulp of calvados. "Another franc, m'sieur?"

"You're worth it," the corporal agreed cheerfully, and followed the growling Doriot to the garden. There, he remarked: "Jealousy, your name is woman."

"You mean?" Doriot grumbled.

"There's lots of angels. You know this one?"

"I do not! But no Frenchwoman deserves to be called a devil by that hyena! She has been too long among the Spaniards. It is chiefly they who visit the shop. There have been occurrences . . . si, you start. Smugglers. You have guessed it."

"Smugglers, eh?" Costello looked about the garden. Again there came to him that impression of bleakness. Raw wind, sweeping down the coast, slapped his raincoat about his knees. The air, to his sensitive nose, smelled of brine and rotted seaweed and old catches of fish.

"The car arrived by the rear gate from the place," he speculated. "That what she told us, brigadier?"

"But the lane is narrow. It is made only for walking," Doriot objected.

They opened the rear gate and turned down the muddy footpath that led to the public square. Some forty yards past the gate it curved sharply. At this curve, with a wall of stones on the left and poplars on the right, the path widened, giving almost the appearance of a road beyond. At least within twenty-four hours someone had taken it for such. The marks of car wheels, skidding at the curve, showed plainly in the mud.

"She was right," Doriot admitted. "Here is where a driver put on his brakes. It might be said he hurried?"

"It might," Costello agreed. "You might even say he wasn't acquainted very well with stone walls. Get some brush, Brigadier. We'll save this evidence."

While the gendarme obeyed, Costello examined the track more carefully. His guess was that the car had been driven down the footpath by a stranger who nearly ran into the stone wall, and backed out, skillfully, by someone who knew better where he was going. So far as the corporal could judge, the tire on the right front rim was an old one, its treads worn smooth; the other three were new.

"We'll need the widow down at Brest," he said as Doriot put the brush in place. "Keep an eye on her here till the body's gone . . ."

"In Brest?"

"To look at suspects. Tonight. At the D. C. I. The sanitary detachment will send for the body. Have the woman there by eight. I'm running for Perchères now. Got to find that car for one thing."

Doriot looked doubtful. "But what if she refuses to come to Brest?"

"You persuaded her by the ear before," Costello said. "Might try that way again. Eight o'clock."

The corporal's reasoning, as he drove toward Perchères, must stop each time at the same point. According to the baker, the stranger who drove into Tamplette in the middle of the evening, presumably Major Vetter, had come angrily and noisily.

Why would he come angrily? If he were approaching a rendezvous, as the letter might indicate, he should be in good spirits, at least quiet. And where was the woman that evening? Not in Tamplette, or Madame Bassinet would have made much of it. The girl, Angel that she might or might not be, had trifled with the old crone's feelings at some time or other, and the widow would pay the score when she could.

The girl had not come herself. She had sent two men, who arrived by train, shot Vetter as he approached the rear door of the buvette, and made off easily in the major's car. A good job and a good getaway. No reliable witness. No weapon. Nothing else left to be identified. The car out of the picture. Everything fine for everybody except the police.

"The weakness of most police," a Chicago captain had told Costello once, "is that they expect the criminal to make things easy for them."

He struck a match to a damp ciga-

rette. The driving was difficult. It was past four o'clock as he pushed up the last incline into Perchères. He had been remembering as the car slogged along the nasty rumors around the Ordnance Department of late. Reports of illicit sales of surplus—for smuggling and what not. Chiefly small arms . . . rifles, machine guns, ammunition. The communists of Finistère were active just now. For a hook on which to hang this end of an investigation was the fact that the killing took place at a wine shop frequented by smugglers.

The miserable ending of the major's career seemed reflected in the drab silence of the camp itself as Costello arrived. There was no activity of any kind. The dozen Ordnance warehouses squatted heavily on the hillside—low, unattractive iron sheds with rounded roofs. The Rennes stone road skirted them at their upper end, and the meagre village street, with its handful of houses, jutted upward at right angles over the shoulder of the hill. Costello halted at a temporary frame structure which he judged to be the camp office.

Across the street a small stone building hunched beside the road. In front of it stood a muddy Cadillac car with a group of soldiers idling about it. One of them was leaning on a rifle, his cartridge belt slung loosely over his hips. Costello called to him:

"Major Vetter's office?"

"Over there," one of the idlers said, pointing his mess pan. He added: "He's dead."

"So I heard," Costello answered. "Who killed him?"

The man fitted the lid on his mess pan before he answered.

"How do we know? A femme, some say."

"Quite a hand with the mam'selles?" the corporal asked lightly.

"Hell, no! Not him. Hated 'em."

"Hated women?" Costello stopped short. This was news of a kind, at least to him. If it were true . . .

"How you know that?" he demanded.

The soldier laughed.

"No secret, buddy. No gals around Hardtack. Was always writing special orders about 'em. Dangerous, he said. He'd bust a man for takin' a promenade."

"Guess he promenaded once too many himself," Costello retorted.

Unceremoniously he opened the door into the headquarters office. It was a small room, crowded with desks, and the air foggy with smoke. A second lieutenant sat at a table in the middle of the floor, his cap on the back of his head, his blouse unhooked at the throat, disclosing a stiff white collar fastened with a brass button. It was smoke from his cigar that filled the room. At his left side stood an extremely young soldier who wore no insignia on his issue blouse sleeve. He was speaking—rather shouting—when Costello stepped in, and his disordered blonde hair clung stickily to his scowling forehead. A fat sergeant major sat at the next desk.

Private Kirt made the fourth man in the room. He was standing with his feet apart, in a dis- (Continued on page 56)



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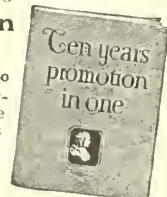
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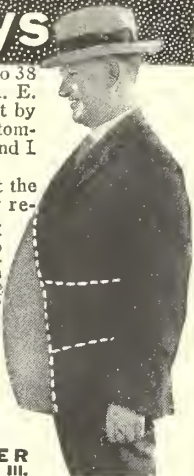
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The Wine Shop on the Cliff

(Continued from page 55)

tinctly unmilitary manner, opposite the officer, his arms folded, his head held back with just a suggestion of defiance, like a prisoner at guard-house inspection.

"Razzing the D. C. I.?" Costello demanded.

Private Kirt whirled, his face red.

"Look at this once!" he cried. He waved an empty yellow envelope.

"This damned dick stole that!" broke in the young private.

Costello took the envelope. It still smelled of musk. It was postmarked Brest and was addressed in a woman's handwriting to Major H. E. Vetter. He squeezed it open. There was no letter in it.

"This all?" he asked. "What was in it?"

"Don't know," Kirt confessed. "It was empty. I've turned the camp upside down. The major must've took the letter with him."

"There was nothing of the kind on him," Costello said. "Where'd you find this envelope?"

"In the bin. One where they dump their baskets."

"He was snooping!" the young soldier accused.

"Pipe down, Banks," the lieutenant interrupted. "You don't help matters any by yelling." He arose, revealing himself to be a short, heavy man. His face was young, unexpectedly so under a thick crop of gray hair. "You the D. I. who called on the phone this morning?" he asked Costello.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm the adjutant, Lieutenant Wangler. The men here, Sergeant Major Pelham and Private Banks... this is Banks, Corporal, who drove for the major... the men feel you D. I.'s are going to hurt the major's reputation. Have you got the murderer yet?"

Costello ignored the question. "How hurt his reputation?" he asked. He observed the angry young soldier. He was a slightly stooped, shock-headed boy, no taller than the lieutenant. There was no doubt about his being in earnest.

"Ain't for the whole damned Army to read a dead man's letters," the boy protested.

"Whole damned Army ain't going to," Costello retorted gently. "But I got a boss up at Brest who is, if I ever find it. Get hands on the letter and we know most all we need. As for the woman, well, it ain't so hard to find some kinds of women. Especially if you know her name."

"Her name?" the boy exclaimed.

The adjutant halted him. "You have her name, Corporal?" he asked. "I confess I'm curious."

"Angel," Costello informed him.

He watched the effect. The adjutant blushed unexpectedly. His expression was that of a cautious man sorry for other men's folly. The sergeant major laughed. Private Banks took on a sudden ferocity.

"No woman had anything to do with this!" he cried. "You must know that, Lieutenant. It just happened the major got a letter before he went out last night!"

"Happened?" asked Costello. "Things don't just happen in the police business."

Banks straightened up sharply.

"He never mixed with women! Everybody knows he hated 'em!"

"Everybody knows he said he did," the lieutenant corrected.

"He never said anything he didn't mean," Banks retorted. "I drove him. I ought to know. He stayed away from 'em all. It's a shame for a lot of lousy cops to come in now and..."

"Private Banks!" The lieutenant turned apologetically to Costello. "It seems some of the men were fond of Major Vetter. It's a surprise to me. He was a good officer, but very exacting. They were a growling lot most of the time. You, Pelham, I've heard even you complain."

Costello observed the fat sergeant major. He was unwrapping a stick of gum.

"Sure, he was a hard guy," he acknowledged. "But he was square. If he give you hell you had it coming. Banks is right. No skirt'd ever have anything on him..."

"Skirt, my eye!" the driver muttered.

"Well, who did kill him then?" Costello demanded.

Banks recoiled from the question. After a pause he said lamely: "Wouldn't need be a woman or a soldier. There must be plenty of folks who'd like to get their hands into the warehouses..."

"Absurd," Lieutenant Wangler interjected. He was relighting his cigar. Costello watched smoke settle about the officer's head.

"That's not such a bad hunch, driver," the operator admitted. "You don't agree, Lieutenant?"

Wangler shrugged.

"What would anybody want of the little stuff we've got on hand? Why, we've no ordnance left. None to speak of. A few Enfields, some pistols."

"How many Enfields?"

"Oh, about fifty thousand."

Costello whistled politely.

"One could start quite a little unpleasantness with fifty thousand Enfields, Lieutenant. Anything else?"

"A few Lewis automatics. A little ammunition. Fifty thousand is nothing compared with what we did have, Corporal. Why, the idea's preposterous!"

"Maybe," Costello acknowledged. "But it ain't the only thing preposterous about this war. Any smaller caliber guns, pistols or revolvers?"

"None to speak of. Six or eight cases of Colt forty-fives."

"Six cases," Pelham said positively.

"Any thirty-eights or thirty-twos?"

Wangler looked inquiringly at the sergeant-major. "You keep track of those things, Sergeant. I don't know."

"Two cases of thirty-twos." Pelham had opened a drawer and consulted a wide sheet of paper. "No thirty-eights."

Costello sat thoughtfully for a moment. Then he asked Banks: "How long you been driving for the officer, soldier?"

"Thirteen months. Long enough to know him pretty well."

"Know the car pretty well, too?"

The driver grinned sheepishly. "Ought to," he said. It was the first time he had spoken calmly. There was even a trace of pride in his voice.

"I'll take down the number," Costello suggested.

Kirt interrupted. "I forgot to tell you about the car, Corporal. It's back."

"Here?"

Costello arose from the chair which Wangler had shoved toward him and stretched his legs. "You mean that car by the door?"

"In front of his billet," Wangler affirmed. "That's the major's car."

"Whyn't you tell me that before, Kirt?" Costello spoke in a voice which indicated inaccurately the state of his feelings. It never once had occurred to him that the car might be back in camp.

"I hadn't time yet," Kirt said defensively. "I've a man keeping an eye on it."

"I see," Costello replied. "Anybody know how long it's been here?"

There was silence for half a minute. Then Wangler spoke up.

"All I know is, it was there when I got home last night. Ten minutes of eleven." He puffed at his cigar and added: "I'd been at the officers' club and the cinema show in Brest and took a truck out at ten-thirty. Driver going to Laval offered me a lift. When I got to camp I walked past the major's billet and the car was standing there just like it is now."

"You're sure about the time?"

Wangler ran his fingers through his thick gray hair.

"Of course I'm sure. I remember particularly. I came in—I live with Weisgold, the finance officer—he was asleep but he waked up and I said: 'I'm getting in early.' He wanted to know what time it was and I said, 'Ten minutes to eleven.' I may be a minute slow or fast."

"I guess that's close enough," Costello agreed. "Ten of eleven. This finance officer . . . did he go out anywhere last night?"

"Went this morning," Wangler explained. "Early. Vetter gave him a three-day leave."

"Leave, eh? Where'd he go?"

"Paris."

"Ain't he lucky? When'd he get the pass?"

"Yesterday. It was good from midnight."

"He got leave," Costello reflected. "And somebody bumped off his C. O. And he's in Paris. Finance officer. Sergeant, is there anything wrong with his accounts?"

"No, sir."

"Major's own accounts all right?"

"You bet they was. He never left his desk with a scrap of paper on it. Everything's got to check and balance every day."

"And he was all cleared up last night?"

"Absolutely."

Kirt interrupted: "Didn't you tell me, Sergeant, that he said something about a job on his desk just before he left?"

"Oh, that. Sure. Just some correspondence for the adjutant."

Costello looked at Wangler. "What correspondence?"

"About property turnover," the adjutant answered. "You see, we were planning to get rid of all this ammunition next week. He was kind of anxious to hurry the deal along."

"How get rid of it?"

"Sign it over to Base Port Ordnance officer. We were going home."

"Glad somebody can," Costello said. There was another minute's silence. "You saw the car at ten of eleven," he repeated. "Takes an hour to drive from Tamplette . . ."

"It'd been drove hard through mud," Kirt volunteered. "Back seat's all spattered up."

"I'll go out and look," Costello said. He folded the envelope carefully and put it into his pocket, and having done so, glanced at the driver. The youth had watched the movement. He was still disturbed.

Of the soldiers who were idling about the car earlier, there remained now only the man with the rifle. He stepped aside as Kirt nodded to him, and Costello leaned over the machine. The leather cushions in the back were mud-spattered as Kirt had said. But the front seat was clean its full width.

"Almost conclude there was two riding up front and nobody in back, eh?" Costello asked the lieutenant.

Wangler frowned, then laughed uneasily. "I'm not a detective. All I can see is, it needs some new tires."

"Only one," Banks objected. "Other three are all right."

"Right front tire was nearly flat when it left Tamplette," Costello disclosed. "It's the same car all right. There's a garage?"

"Just a couple of tarpaulins," Banks explained. He pointed up the street.

Costello made out a rude canvas shelter. He looked at it absent-mindedly a minute, then, stepping back of the car, glanced at the tire rack. It was empty. As he came forward again the adjutant and the driver were talking. Costello listened. Banks was asking for a pass to town.

"Mend the tire first," the adjutant consented. "Anything else, Corporal? If not . . ."

"The major's billet. I'll have to look it over."

"Banks has a key," the adjutant answered. He offered Costello a cigar.

"Thanks," Costello said.

"There's nothing else?" Wangler asked.

"Not now, sir. Except the French police may be around . . ."

"I hope not tonight!" The adjutant showed a touch of irritation for the first time. "Colonel Johnson, the base port Ordnance officer, is to be here for his investigation at ten-thirty."

"Ten-thirty?"

"Get's back (Continued on page 58)

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The Wine Shop on the Cliff

(Continued from page 57)

to Brest on the nine o'clock train from Paris. He'll be enough for one evening without any more police. This is taking a lot of time, this murder business. It's got the whole camp upset."

"Nothing to get upset about." Costello peered indifferently down the line of warehouses. "You see, in spite of what Banks says, I still got to turn in all I know about this Angel. Maybe the major didn't care for women as such. There's a few as don't. But he got off his track once and run into trouble. The French cops will find the girl."

"I hope they do or you do or somebody does."

"Finding women ain't in Kirt's or my line," Costello answered. "The French cops know all the dames personal. They can look her up tomorrow. They never fall down, these French cops. We don't need to bother about her, Lieutenant. I'll get some chow now and some sleep and tell 'em tomorrow." He repeated: "Morning'll be soon enough to hunt the woman."

He saluted and followed the gloomy young Banks across the road to the stone building. The driver watched suspiciously while Costello searched. He discovered nothing of importance.

"Much obliged," he said as they returned to the street. He offered Banks the cigar which Lieutenant Wangler had given him. He refused it.

"Rather have a cigarette," the driver explained. "Don't smoke cigars." He started to roll the muddy car toward the tarpaulin. "You're on the wrong track," he growled. "Hardtack wasn't mixed up with a woman."

"We'll see," Costello promised.

He ran back to his own car. Kirt was tuning up his motorcycle beside it. For thirty minutes he had been storing up questions.

"Can't answer anything now," Costello said. "Come along. I'll slow up a ways down the road."

He made a deliberate departure down the winding highway toward the west. A mile beyond the camp, in the protection of trees, he waited for his partner. Kirt was chuckling as he dropped off the motorcycle.

"So you're going to leave it for the smart French cops, are you?" he asked. "The ones that never fall down! Well, from what I see, me and you don't fail down on this either!"

"We're going to walk back to the camp right now, me and you," Costello told him.

"Walk?"

"Across fields. It'll be dark in a few minutes."

Kirt objected to walking.

"It's like this," Costello explained. "There're two ways of getting somewhere when you don't know the way. One's to ask questions. The other's to follow somebody that's going. Everything we said will be all over the camp in ten minutes, and there'll be some

smart john who'll run to tell that femme the French police are after her. He won't wait for morning, especially if he thinks we're going to."

They concealed the two machines in a clump of willows and cut back across wet fields toward Perchères. Costello's instructions as he left his partner were brief.

"Wait till you see the major's car drive away. It'll go, sooner or later. After that, get back to camp and find out if there's anything missing from the warehouses . . ."

"How?" Kirt interrupted.

Costello removed a cigarette from a packet, squinted at it reflectively, and thinking better of lighting it, put it back.

"I don't give a damn how. You got a brain. If it was me, I'd get hold of that fat sergeant major. Tell him confidential we were all wet on the femme stuff and you want to look at the two cases of thirty-two caliber revolvers they told us about. See if any are missing, and if not, if any have been used lately. The sergeant'll know. He's the baby who keeps the records, and besides, he's not mixed up in this fracas. He's got an alibi just as well as the adjutant. Worked all last evening handing out passes. I got that off Banks when we were searching the quarters."

"Banks?" Costello grinned.

"He isn't fortunate enough to have any alibi," he confided. "least he can't think up any. He went to bed at eight o'clock, nobody saw him and he saw nobody. I guess the kid's straight though. Nice and bright and earnest. Just don't want anybody to throw any dirt on Vetter. You can't ask the whole camp for alibis. Won't need to. You spring a good hot tip on the gun and I'll promote you to colonel . . ."

"You don't think a woman done it then?" Kirt demanded doubtfully.

"Oh, sure. Only she got somebody else to yank the trigger. If I find her and you find the gun . . ."

"I get you."

"Keep close to a telephone till you hear from me," Costello concluded.

Lights still shone in the windows of the office and a dim yellowish blur marked the canvas sides of the mess shack. Costello sat on his heels observing them for two minutes, then came out into the open and walked casually toward the tent where he had seen Banks start to repair the tire. The shadows were deeper here. He passed around the tarpaulins and stood a long time listening.

Then he crawled to the rear of the shelter and peered under its canvas side. The car was there and the tire was repaired. He could discern its bulky outline and smell the gasoline and oil. He dropped the canvas and stretched his body along the back of the tent, parallel to it.

"Be all right if I don't go crazy waiting," he muttered.

The camp hummed sleepily. A man

was singing in the mess shack. A relief of the guard straggled past, talking in undertones. The sky was starless, so that Costello scarcely could see the men's dim shapes, but he heard the word "murder." The enlisted personnel were gossiping hard about the story, Wangler had said. The relief had just gone past when a truck rolled by, full of soldiers bound for the dubious pleasures of Brest by night. He looked at his wrist watch. It agreed with his stomach, which told him that supper time was long past. Five of eight.

"About eight-thirty," he told himself, "then for a ride."

Eight-thirty came and went. At twenty-two minutes of nine he heard rapid footsteps on the road. A man lifted the tarpaulins on the front of the tent. The springs of the car creaked and the door slammed. Costello lifted the edge of the canvas. He wished mightily he could see.

He took advantage of the first explosions to push his way under the canvas. He rose to his knees directly behind the car and gripped the tire rack, without any effort to test his weight until the car jerked forward. Then he swung his feet off the ground, caught the springs at the two sides and locked his arms about the rack.

"Half an hour of hell," he prophesied.

The car turned to the right, bound down the hills toward Brest. Two villages flashed past. The driver, whoever he was, took the bends carelessly as his speed increased, and Costello's arms ached. The night crowded blackly about him. Once, as the machine swung, he saw the blinking lights of vessels on the roadstead. Then began the climb toward the ramps.

The car, upon reaching Brest, avoided the main thoroughfares. It turned familiarly up a hill on the north side of the old town into a prosperous residence section. Costello dropped off as the brakes squealed and backed into the protection of the dark.

A short man in uniform climbed out of the machine and walked rapidly east. Costello followed, discreetly, the length of a block. The man turned into the entrance of a three-story stone dwelling. A bell jangled. The wide coach door opened promptly and a dim light fell on the figure. He was slow in entering.

Without waiting for him to disappear within the house, Costello slipped back to the car. Behind him the light still burned in the carriage court, but so far as he could see he was the only person abroad on the street. Leaning over quickly, he peered into the body of the machine. So thick were the shadows he could see nothing and must explore with his hands. The rear seat was empty, and clean of mud. The floor, too, was bare. The one pocket on the right side held only a pair of old gloves. He examined the front seat, ran expert fingers down the crack behind the cushion. His search was rewarded then. He chuckled. There were two metallic clicks, and he stepped back, his hands empty, and brushed the mud from his breeches where he had leaned against the fender.

Thus he was engaged when he heard

a footstep on the pavement from the direction of town. The corporal returned to the sidewalk with an air of unconcern and again approached the house with the lighted carriage court.

To his surprise the man still stood without the door. He was arguing. His voice came back to the street indistinctly, and that of a woman servant, saying "Non, m'sieur," repeatedly. Costello halted. He was standing, hands in pockets, contemplating the odd situation, when the carriage door slammed noisily. The man kicked once, furiously, against the panel, and then, almost running, returned down the street to his car.

Costello retreated. There was no chance, this time, for him to reach the back of the major's car unseen. He continued past it, being careful not to walk too fast, until he heard the man jerk open the door and slam it. The motor started noisily and the machine, turning, departed in the same direction it had come.

Costello took a long breath. The event was disturbing. He was uncertain what to do. He had meant to surprise the man as soon as he was within the house. That plan would not do now. He returned again, slowly, and examined the shuttered facade. There was no sound within the building.

It was like all other residences in this neighborhood, so far as Costello could judge. The number, painted in black letters on the white stone front was 13 bis. From the bronze plaque fastened to the house wall on the nearest corner he learned the thoroughfare to be Rue St. Malo.

He turned the corner, when he had determined this, and started rapidly down the hill. At French civil police headquarters he asked for Inspector Bartolot.

The official listened unexcitedly while Costello told his story, exclaiming only at the name of Tamplette-sur-Mer, which he said the good God should destroy out of pity for honest folk.

"Rue St. Malo," he repeated. "a prosperous street. Number 13 bis? Come." He led Costello into the record room, awakened the caretaker, and set to work on the citizens' registration file. "Here we have it," he said at length. "It is the family of Vernous, the clock merchant, who lives at that address. Ah, oui, a bien excellent family. There is a daughter . . ." he consulted the small white card.

"Name of Angel?" Costello asked bluntly.

The inspector took off his spectacles and stared. "But non! She is Mademoiselle Arlette, a young woman, blonde, of twenty-two years, occupation music student."

"Music student!" Costello ejaculated. "Well, she's got a nice piece to sing to-night."

"Two sons," the Inspector continued. "One living. The elder was sacrificed at the first Marne."

Costello thanked him and closed his notebook.

"If I can assist further," Bartolot offered.

"I'll holler (Continued on page 60)



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The Wine Shop on the Cliff

(Continued from page 59)

if we can't handle it," the corporal promised as he departed for his own headquarters. To his profound disappointment, Captain Miller, his commanding officer, was out. Nor was there any sign of Gendarme Doriot and the witness from Tamplette-sur-Mer.

"Everybody's down at the docks," the night desk sergeant explained. "The stevedores are raising merry sunshine." "No operator free to go back up the street on a little job?"

"Nobody. A car down at the curb. If you drive it yourself."

Costello called Perchères on the telephone, and reaching Private Kirt, inquired if the adjutant were in.

"Ask him to come in to Brest, soon as you see him," he directed. "Tell him we need his help with some suspects. The case is about cleared."

"I got what I come after," Kirt volunteered.

"You're promoted to chief of staff," Costello answered.

Taking the idle official car, he drove quickly to Rue St. Malo. The thoroughfare was empty. It was fifteen minutes after ten, precisely, as he stopped in front of 13 bis. He walked confidently to the door and jangled the bell.

A woman servant answered; the one, Costello suspected, who had slammed the door in the other visitor's face a few minutes before. He took no chance on this happening to him. Without invitation, he pushed into the carriage court.

"I wish Mam'selle Angel," he said.

The maid backed toward the house door on the left. "Mademoiselle is occupied," she replied politely. "She can see no one."

Beyond the door he heard voices, a man's and a woman's, speaking rapidly. But only one word did he understand. It was the name Vetter.

"Police," Costello said, and when she wavered, "Aside, please; I'm of the police."

As he stepped through the door she clutched at his sleeve with a show of bravery. He shook her off gently and proceeded down the corridor.

The big room that he entered was a stiff upper-class parlor in blue and ivory. A girl stood before a small ornate fireplace. She was staring with a frightened expression at a short, slightly stooped American who faced her, his back to the door.

As Costello halted silently, the girl's distressed gaze left the other man and turned full upon the corporal. He saw in the instant that her eyes were light blue.

"Monsieur!" she exclaimed sharply.

"I'm of the police," Costello said, and the American swung about.

It was Private Banks.

Both men cried out in recognition.

"You cheap little hypocrite!" Costello shouted.

An unreasonable anger took hold of him. It annoyed him always to have his

theories shattered. And the presence of Banks at this moment caused the whole structure of his reasoning to collapse. He was not ready to charge anyone with any crime at present. He had come to talk about the letter, to discover from the girl, alone, what part she had played.

"Stand right where you are, both of you," he bade.

The girl disobeyed. Her face twitched nervously as she stepped forward. Her appearance was exactly what Inspector Bartolot had indicated, but in spite of that Costello was surprised. She failed to fit the story. The French girls whom police came to see were more dashing . . . weren't music students at least.

"You will explain your business?" she asked. Her voice betrayed emotion but it was genteel. Again Costello couldn't reconcile the facts. All the citizens' files in Brest to the contrary, he hadn't expected gentility in a patron of the Tamplette wine shop. "Your business?" she repeated.

"Police business." He spoke quietly, but there was force under his words. "I want to talk with you about this letter." He drew the empty yellow envelope from his pocket. "The letter you sent in this."

She glanced quickly at the lamp table. Costello followed the telltale movement of her eyes. On the table lay a folded sheet of yellow note paper. It matched the color of the envelope in his hand.

"Where'd that come from?" he demanded.

As he reached for it, Banks cried: "I put it there! Let it alone! That's the major's letter!"

The corporal dropped his palm across it. Before spreading it out, he spoke to the girl. "Don't like to do this," he confessed, "but murder's murder." He examined the note. It was written in French.

"Mon cher Major Vetter," he read aloud. That much was easy.

"You asked him to meet you last night? he demanded of the girl.

"But yes!"

"Why?"

"To warn him."

"Warn him he was going to be murdered?"

"Non, non!"

Costello silenced her. "You're a nice-looking gal to be mixed up in a jamboree like this, but I guess looks don't have much to do with it. As for you, Banks, you've got your neck in a fine sling! You ought to have taken no for an answer first time you came here tonight. You'd have missed me, that way . . ."

"What do you mean?" Banks asked hoarsely.

Costello laughed. "I mean I didn't guess you was it. I saw 'em turn you away. I was right outside all the time you was pounding on the door."

"Me? What door?"

"Ah, m'sieur!" It was the girl. "You are mistaken!"

Costello's anger returned. He stuffed the letter and its envelope into his pocket. It might be well to hurry. He stood alone, in a strange house.

"It ain't me that's making the mistakes," he said emphatically. "I'm taking this soldier along, mam-selle."

"You arrest him? What for?"

"Conspiracy to begin with. You ought to know! I'll send the French police for you!"

"But I shall accompany you," the girl interrupted. "I am a good woman. This boy has committed no offense."

"Maybe murder's no offense! As for you being a good woman . . ."

"You forget yourself!"

"You trapped Vetter! You sent him out to be murdered!"

"I? Trapped him?" Her sharp cry brought the servant running.

"Mam'selle?"

"Nothing . . . but yes, my wraps. Bring them, Helène. Tell Charles I am going out. He please will wait until I return."

"But Monsieur Charles is departed also," the servant reported, "soon after this gentleman came in." She indicated Banks.

"Out?" The strain on the girl's face increased. Her anxiety seemed almost genuine to Costello. He put the idea away at once. She was guilty. He listened closely.

"You must be mistaken, Helène. I have been right here."

"He went by the rear, mam'selle. He carried his duffel."

"His duffel? He went to his ship?"

"Who's Charles?" Costello demanded curtly. "We've had enough nonsense!"

"He is my younger brother. Come, come, I will go with you."

Her willingness to go startled Costello. The letter in his pocket would tie her up to this case tighter than a wet raincoat. He eyed her shrewdly. Was she trying to protect someone? She had named her brother, Charles Vernoux, a marine. It was a French marine with the American at Tamplette. Was she giving him a chance now to escape? Costello hesitated suspiciously. He couldn't search the house alone, with two prisoners.

"I am ready," the girl pointed out.

"Just as you wish," he consented.

"I've no authority to arrest you."

He touched Banks's pockets.

"I don't carry a gun," the driver stated sullenly.

The three of them departed by the carriage entrance.

"Get in front and drive," Costello told Banks. "I don't like prisoners behind me."

Banks drove reluctantly, as if he wished to delay arrival, toward the headquarters of the D. C. I. Costello noticed, as he jumped out of the car, that the curb in front of the office was empty of all save a messenger's motorcycle. That meant Captain Miller was still out.

"Captain be in soon?" he asked the desk sergeant.

"Two o'clock."

"We'll wait for him," Costello said. He tore a sheet from a memo pad at hand and wrote rapidly:

"Apprehend Charles Vernoux, marine, brother of Arlette, son of Vernoux, the clock merchant, as participant in the murder of Major H. E. Vetter."

"Send that right over to Inspector Bartolot?" he asked.

The desk sergeant took it curiously.

"Jen-darme waiting upstairs," he said.

"Thank heaven for that," Costello murmured.

He led his two prisoners to the operations room. They heard a woman complaining as they mounted the stairs. Opening the door, Costello saw Madame Bassinet. She was berating Doriot, who sat with his umbrella across his knees. On the other side of Doriot slouched a small, dishevelled, red-eyed man in a soiled purple smock.

"Who we got now?" Costello demanded. "You're slightly late, Doriot."

"Because of this one," Doriot answered. He nudged the stranger. "I bring him in arrest. He lands late today at Tamplette and goes directly from his boat to the wine shop. I was still there. St. Joan be praised. I hear him tell the widow he should have landed last night, but the tides detained him. He was to meet two gentlemen . . . hold on, hyena, here, here!"

He clutched, too late, for the widow. She had just recognized who entered. In four long steps she reached Arlette Vernoux.

The girl's eyes rested curiously on her. But her expression held not a hint of recognition. She was noticing only a very ugly old woman.

"Take your prisoner downstairs," Costello said aside to Doriot. "Ask the desk sergeant to lock him up." He waited for what would happen between the women.

Madame Bassinet had planted her feet wide apart and clamped her big hands up to her hips.

"That's the girl!" she spoke decisively. "That's the saucy wench who came planning a murder in my respectable shop!"

"You are speaking to me?" Arlette demanded.

The old woman made a grimace. "So she looks at me . . . see her lips curl? Let them, my fine lady! It was you with the murderers in my shop! You are the Angel!"

Costello dragged Banks forward. "Know this one, too?" he asked.

The woman scowled through her dark glasses. "Non!" She peered into Banks's face. "Non! I do not know him. Who is he? It was that hussy . . ."

"Must I put up with this?" the girl begged Costello. He disregarded her. He was thinking hard. He slipped the woman two francs.

"You're sure this boy wasn't in the party?"

"I tell you non."

"Hm," Costello remarked. "That's funny." Her failure to identify the driver made his new theory, too, collapse. If Banks hadn't been a party to the conspiracy, why had he rushed into Brest to the girl's house. Unless . . .

He studied the boy confusedly. There was an obstinate gleam in his eyes. Costello put a ques- (Continued on page 62)

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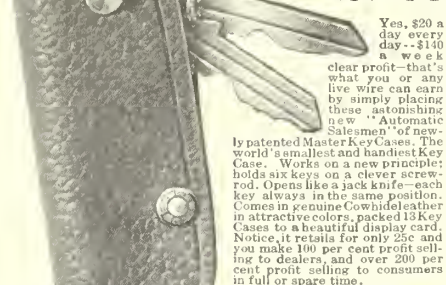
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The Wine Shop on the Cliff

(Continued from page 61)

tion suddenly: "Where'd you find that letter, buddy?"

"I've nothing to say."

"You had plenty to say in camp today."

"I told you that Major Vetter was a good guy."

"And that there wasn't any woman, and here she is." Costello shifted to her. "Do you deny you were in this woman's wine shop?" He added sharply: "Best tell the truth."

"The truth of course," she answered. "I expect to. I was once in her wine shop. I follow my brother and another man. It is a filthy place . . ."

"Filthy?" screamed Madame Bassinet. Doriot, returning, resorted again to her ear.

"Park her in the next room, Doriot," Costello directed. "You go, too, Banks . . . wait a minute, I've one more question, soldier. And I advise you to answer it. How'd you get into town tonight?"

Banks eyed him resentfully. He finally replied: "On a truck."

"Truck? Well, that's possible. Another question. How long have you known this girl?"

"Ask her," Banks answered.

Costello waited till the latch clicked. "How long you known him?"

"I do not know him," she answered. "He comes tonight to my door."

"Never saw him before?"

"Never. He has the letter with my name attached to it."

"Where'd he get it?"

"He tells me he finds it. He does not tell me where."

"Sounds fishy," Costello said. "Answer this. Why'd you go to Tamplette?"

The girl faltered. There was a new droop to the corners of her mouth. Costello set his teeth. He was a fool if he felt any pity for her.

"I love France," she said unexpectedly. "I can not permit her to be injured. My brother Charles is a good boy . . ."

"A good shot!"

" . . . a good boy until recently. The revolutionists put bad thoughts in the heads of the fleet. When he comes home now on leave we are surprised at what he thinks. I try to divert him. I introduce him to Americans. Among them is one who has weapons in his Ordnance warehouse."

"Major Vetter."

"But no. Before last night I never see Major Vetter."

"Expect me to believe that?"

"It is the truth. It is the other American I know. I tell this for justice, m'sieur, even though it concerns my brother. I discover he plans to buy guns for a traitor to use against France. I learn that he meets this traitor in the wine shop at Tamplette . . . he and the American . . . twice, three times. The fourth time I follow them. They do not want me. They beg me: 'Be a good Angel and leave us alone.'" She shrugged

apologetically. "It is my family's name for me. If I am a good Angel, then I cannot leave them alone, so yesterday when I learn they meet again quickly I send the letter to the Major Vetter. The American has mentioned him. One old fool, he says . . ."

They heard the desk sergeant expostulating, the tramp of heavy feet ascending the stairs.

"Kirt's here with an officer," the sergeant reported. He held the door open only far enough for his head. "I said you was busy."

"You will wait with the others, mam'selle?" He was thinking rapidly of Banks. There had been a truck leave Perchères. It had passed the tent where the corporal was hiding shortly before eight o'clock.

He closed the inner door behind the girl just as Lieutenant Wangler strode into the room, followed by Private Kirt. The officer's square face was not so composed as usual. He took a cigar from his mouth and spoke directly to Costello.

"I told you I'd be busy with the colonel tonight! In spite of that you tell this maddlesome lout to bring me in here!"

"For purposes of identification, Lieutenant."

Wangler scowled. He puffed at his cigar twice.

"I told you I could identify no one!"

"I remember that, Lieutenant. I've got the girl though. I thought maybe you might know her now." Costello took the yellow paper from his pocket. "Here's the letter she wrote to Vetter."

"The letter?" Wangler exclaimed. A glitter came into his eye. "Let me see it!"

"Ain't read it all myself yet," Costello objected, "only," he smoothed it out, "the way I figure it, somebody was planning to get a bunch of guns out the warehouse 'fore you closed up shop next week. This letter says something about Vetter's meeting the girl in Place President Wilson last night at eight o'clock, and she will tell him about a great robbery . . . sorry, sir, I can't leave it out my hand."

"Where'd you get it?"

"One of the men in your outfit, sir. Young Banks."

"Banks?" the adjutant shouted. "He had this letter?"

The door from the second room burst open and Banks tumbled in.

"We wasn't calling you, driver," Costello said. "It was just the adjutant speaking your name. Come in, though, now you're here. And the ladies. Wait a minute, Lieutenant!"

"I've no time for this, Corporal!"

"Guess you've time to meet a girl. This is Major Vetter's good Angel."

"It is he," the girl confessed simply, looking at Lieutenant Wangler, "the American of whom I tell you. It was he, not this boy, whom you saw tonight

knocking on the door. I send out word I cannot see him again, he has done wickedness enough."

Wangler exclaimed. An ugly look settled on his face.

"You'll lose the two stripes you've got, Corporal!"

Costello remained unmoved.

"Be yourself, Lieutenant. There's another witness. Bring her, Doriot."

The widow waddled into the room. Recognizing another patron of her shop, she flew again into fury.

"You owe me fourteen francs, you swine!"

Costello crossed the room quickly and stood between the lieutenant and the outer door.

"Keep your shirt on, madame," he interposed. "Here's another cigar. Just the kind you had the other night—smoke it and keep still." He took from his pocket the cigar Lieutenant Wangler had given him that afternoon. "You see, sir, Banks don't smoke cigars, but you do . . . careful, sir! . . . no use setting the works on fire." He stooped to pick the officer's glowing cigar out of the wastebasket. He held it up and sniffed. "Next time you give a French lady a smoke, sir, pick one of French make. They ain't so conspicuous in her mouth. I spotted your cigar the minute I set foot in headquarters office."

Wangler found his voice. "This is posterous! I never saw that old woman before, and as for this lying girl . . ."

"Careful!" Costello warned. "The girl don't lie. I got off the track for a while thinking she did. It was her brother with you when you murdered the major. You hadn't planned to, of course. He walked in at the wrong time and you lost your heads!"

"It couldn't be!"

"Why not?"

"By your own statement!" Wangler cried. He ran his fingers through his thick gray hair. "You say the major was killed at eleven o'clock. As I told you today, I was in my billet then. Lieutenant Weisgold will bear me out in this statement!"

"That alibi, yes . . ."

"Of course that alibi! As for the cigars . . . this old pirate smoked cigars . . . so I gave them to her!"

"Your alibi," Costello interrupted quietly, "ain't worth a damn. The cigar gave me a hunch all right, but it was the alibi hung you up high. I didn't ask you for one. You volunteered it. Went out of your way to tell me how you came home so early your bunkie opens one eye and asks what time is it? Eleven, you say. But you got him to ask it. It was you, not him, looking at *your* watch. And he ain't here to testify now . . . he's in Paris on leave."

"I demand the presence of an officer in this inquiry!"

"You'll have one," Costello promised, "and when you do, just tell him you saw the major's car in front of his billet at eleven o'clock. I've got good witnesses it was forty miles away. There's others besides these two women can identify you. There's a sick-looking fish in a purple shirt down cellar. You'll recognize him.

He was late last night for his date 'count of the tides. He'll squeal. Tell it by his face. Comes to squealing," he turned on Banks, "here's a lad that don't. Where'd you find that letter?"

The driver hesitated. "This leaves the major clean?" he asked fiercely. "Wasn't mixed up with any woman?"

"Hardly!"

"It was in the front seat," the soldier admitted, "half under the cushion. I was starting to clean the car. I got up early . . . didn't know he was dead. I thought I'd hand the thing to him. Didn't know *what* to do after I heard what had happened. Didn't want you dicks to have it. Thought I'd find out myself." He finished lamely: "He was a good guy, the major was."

"This is ridiculous!" Wangler broke in. He started for the door.

"Halt there!" Costello ordered.

The adjutant snatched a blue-steeled revolver from his pocket. He waved it once at Kirt, who lifted his empty hands, once at Doriot, who dropped his umbrella. Arlette Vernous gasped hysterically. The widow called upon the saints to shield her.

"You're in arrest, sir," Costello reminded him, "charged with murder."

"One side!" Wangler ordered. His voice was hard. He pointed the revolver menacingly.

"Careful there!" Kirt yelled a warning to Costello.

"Hands up! You!" Wangler jabbed the revolver at the corporal. "Up!"

Costello remained where he was, his arms hanging calmly at his sides. Wangler lifted the gun higher. Costello advanced another step.

"You're quick on the trigger, eh?" he asked.

The adjutant's finger pressed down. There was a metallic click, and then another as he strove to fire again. But no flash, no explosion. He lowered the gun and peered at it unbelievably.

"It's empty," Costello explained. "When I gave your car the once-over tonight, while you were pounding on mam-selle's door, I found the gun. I emptied it."

Wangler jerked away. Doriot behind him lifted the umbrella and brought it down smartly upon his head. Costello leaped upon him as he fell and the revolver clattered across the floor. Kirt picked it up. He broke the cylinder and looked at the number on its end.

"This gun's missing out the warehouse," he told Costello. "One case of the thirty-twins was the only thing opened. It's easier to carry them than the issue forty-fives!"

"I thought he'd figure that," Costello said. A satisfied look spread across his face. He climbed to his feet, pulling the adjutant with him. "Take the prisoner, Kirt. Lock him up. And wait for the captain. You can tell him all of the story."

"Me?" cried Kirt. "Not me!"

The corporal grinned. There was blood on his lower lip. He looked at Arlette Vernous. "I can't," he explained. "I won't be here. I got to take a lady home."

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Name.....



Leonard H. Nason is back—not alone in the Monthly, but in the United States of America. Since the war he has spent some four or five years in France, dividing his time between Paris, Biarritz and the old front. At last reports he was re-learning English with a Boston accent in preparation for the next National Convention of The American Legion, converting francs back into dollars, and corresponding with a couple of prospective landlords in the suburbs of Boston—the Huburbs, so to speak. Harry Townsend, who is illustrating “Livingston Brothers,” was, like Harvey Dunn, who made this month’s cover, one of half a dozen American artists and illustrators who were appointed captains of Engineers and given more or less carte blanche to draw the war.

ALESTER G. FURMAN, JR., of Greenville, South Carolina, writes: “In Knute Rockne’s article entitled ‘The Hardest Coaching Job’ in the October issue, Mr. Rockne quotes Stonewall Jackson as saying: ‘The object in warfare is to get there first with the mustest men.’ Mr. Rockne is recognized as the greatest exponent of football coaching ability in America and anything he writes will be read with a great deal of interest by all interested in sports. Therefore, I take this occasion to call his attention to the fact that Stonewall Jackson was probably the best read and educated general on either side. He had been a teacher for years in the Virginia Military Institute and at that time and even now this institution stands among the best of the educational institutions of America. Stonewall Jackson never would have used the language quoted by Mr. Rockne. I am now speaking from memory, but if I am not mistaken, the language he quotes was given by Cavalryman Forrest, who was also a general in the Confederate Army and who was from Tennessee, and he had been reared in the mountains of that section.”

ROBERT E. WOOD is president of Sears, Roebuck and Co. A native of Kansas City, Mr. Wood was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1900 and served in troublous times in the Philippines until 1902. From 1905 to 1915 he was assistant chief quartermaster, chief quartermaster, and then director of the Panama Railroad Company, on construction of the Panama Canal. In 1915 he entered business as assistant to the president of the General Asphalt Company. Came, so to speak, the war, and it

was a case of back to the Army again for Mr. Wood. He was commissioned colonel and brigadier-general and served as acting quartermaster-general in 1918 and 1919. Thereafter, until 1924, he was a vice-president of Montgomery, Ward & Co. From 1924 to 1928 he was vice-president of Sears Roebuck, being elevated to the presidency in 1928. . . . Elias Tobenkin is a native of Russia. He came to America in boyhood and was educated at the University of Wisconsin. His journalistic career opened in 1906 when he was on the staff of the *Milwaukee Free Press*. He has since worked on the *Chicago Tribune*, *San Francisco Examiner*, *New York Herald*, *New York Tribune*, and *New York Evening Post*. During 1918 and 1919 he was on the European staff of the *New York Tribune*. He lives in New York City at present. . . . Philip Von Blon who presents the graphic account of the career of National Commander O. L. Bodenhamer is managing editor of *The American Legion Monthly*.

OF THE vast amount of comment inspired by William T. Scanlon’s “God Have Mercy on Us,” which concluded in the December Monthly, we like best this tribute from the *St. Charles (Illinois) Chronicle*, which was published over the sponsoring signature of the Americanism Committee of St. Charles Post of *The American Legion*:

Pete Nichol.
Frank Johnson.
Charley Potter,
Have you read—
“God Have Mercy on Us?”
What is it?
One of the best of the war novels.
A simple, startling story of war as was.
Read it!
Reread it—
Alone
Of an evening—
And,
As midnight approaches,
Steal softly to the bedside of your boy, and
Straighten the covers about him.
Then—
You will understand
The American Legion—
And, more—
You will join with it in its peace-time battle
For the fulfillment of its prayer—
“God have mercy on—
“Our boys.”

LEGIONNAIRE and Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York sends us a copy of an interesting letter which he forwarded to the editor of the *Middletown (New York) Times Herald*: “I have just read with much interest an editorial in your issue of October 24, 1929,

entitled ‘Tallest President.’ Your editorial states that ‘Washington was six feet three inches. He was taller than Lincoln. Washington was the tallest of all men who have occupied the White House.’ For the sake of historical accuracy I am obliged to differ with such a statement and to ask you to kindly refer me to the authority from which you have reached such an obviously erroneous conclusion. After reading the editorial referred to I immediately telephoned William Tyler Page, Clerk of the House of Representatives, who is a recognized authority on George Washington. He at once referred me to the ‘Life of George Washington,’ by Henry Cabot Lodge, who said that ‘Washington in his youth was six feet tall and in later years six feet two or three inches in height.’ Senator Lodge in Volume 2, page 380, of the same book quotes a letter by David Ackerson of Alexandria: ‘Washington’s exact height was six feet two inches in his boots . . . At that time he weighed two hundred, and there was no surplus flesh about him.’ In 1850 in a biographical sketch Lincoln said: ‘If any personal description is thought desirable I am in height six feet four inches nearly, etc.’ In response to my request the Congressional Library at Washington sent me the following references which are all well known: Abraham Lincoln, 1916, by Herndon, W. H. and Weik, J. W., page 294, Vol. 2: ‘Mr. Lincoln was six feet four inches high.’ From Paul Leicester Ford’s ‘George Washington,’ page 38: ‘The earliest known description of Washington was written in 1760 by his companion-in-arms and friend George Mercer, who attempted a portraiture in the following words: “He may be described as being as straight as an Indian, measuring six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing 175 pounds when he took his seat in the House of Burgesses in 1750.”’ From the *World Almanac*, 1929, page 226, *Biographies of the Presidents*: ‘He [Washington] was a man of powerful physique, 6 feet, 2 inches in height, with sandy hair, blue eyes, big hands and feet. He weighed 210 pounds when 40 years of age.’ From *Townsend’s Handbook of United States Political History*, Boston, 1908, page 361: ‘Lincoln was the tallest, 6 feet 4 inches. Madison was the shortest, 5 feet, 4 inches. Polk was the leanest. Cleveland was the stoutest. Van Buren the tidiest in dress. Taylor the most careless.’ I believe these facts would be interesting to your readers.”

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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